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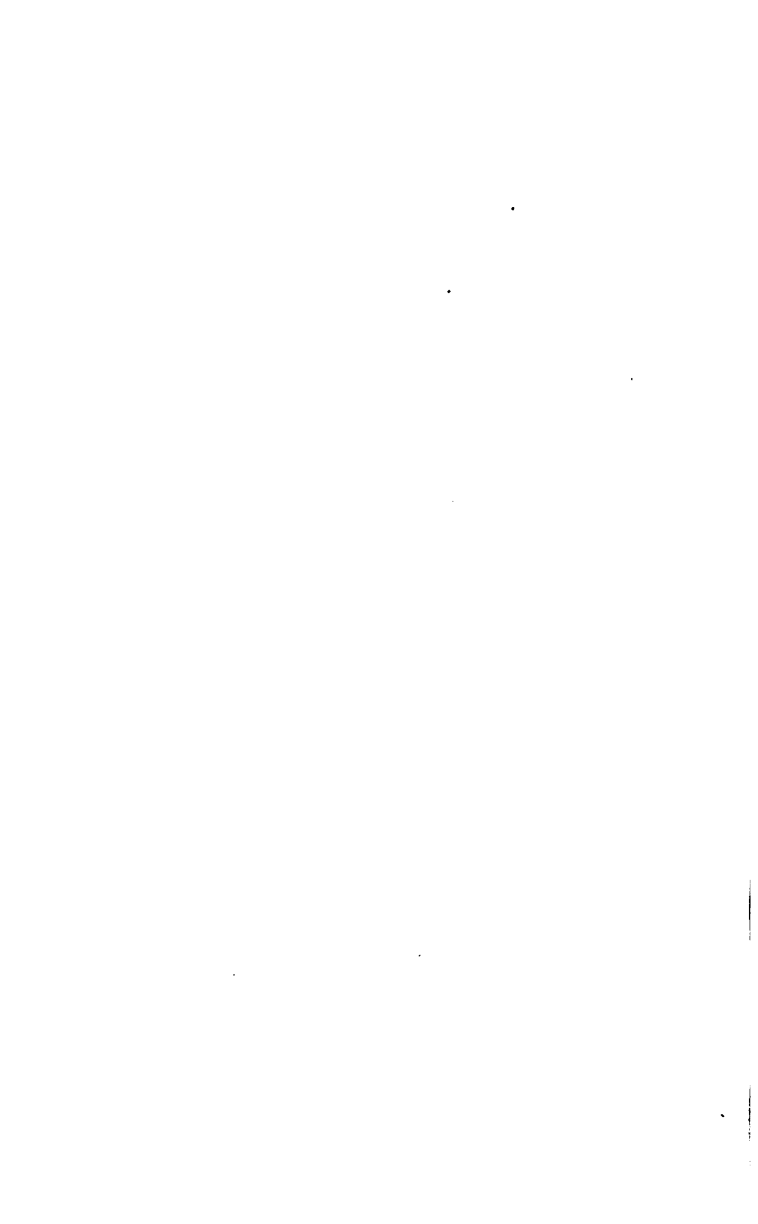
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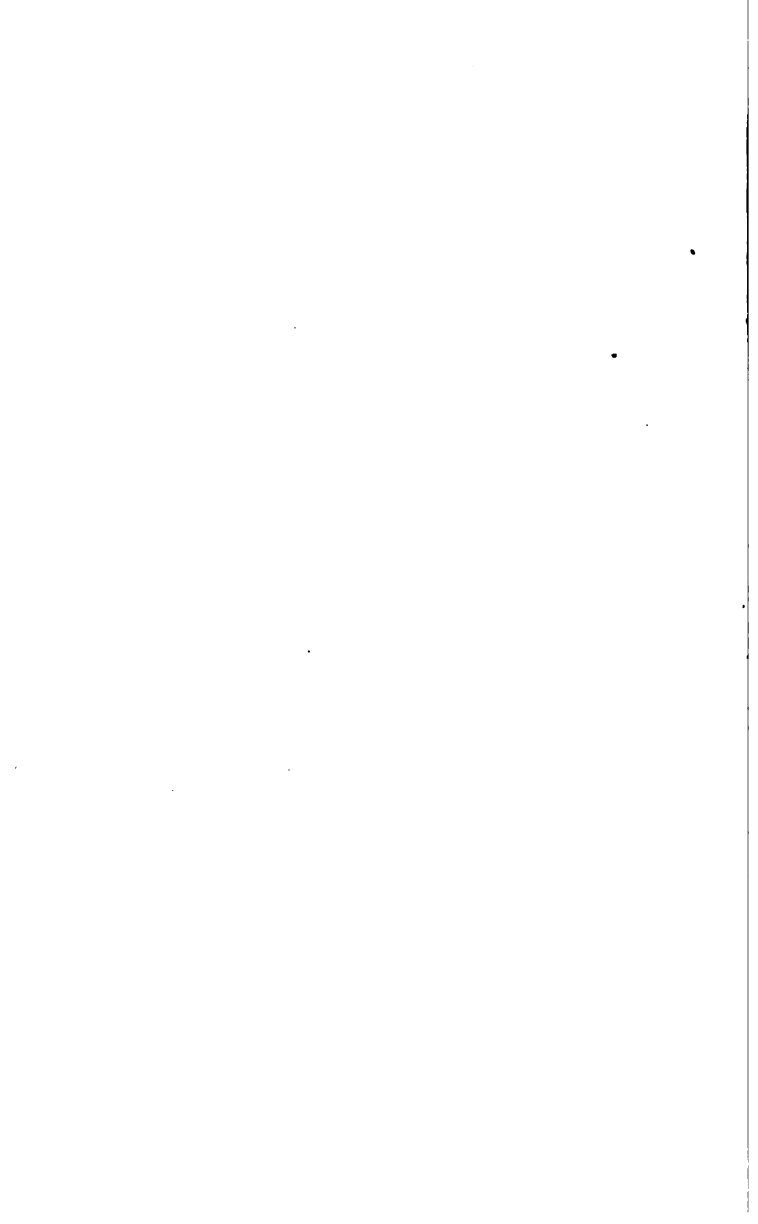
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BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

SELECTED BY

THE EDITORS

OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

VOL. II.

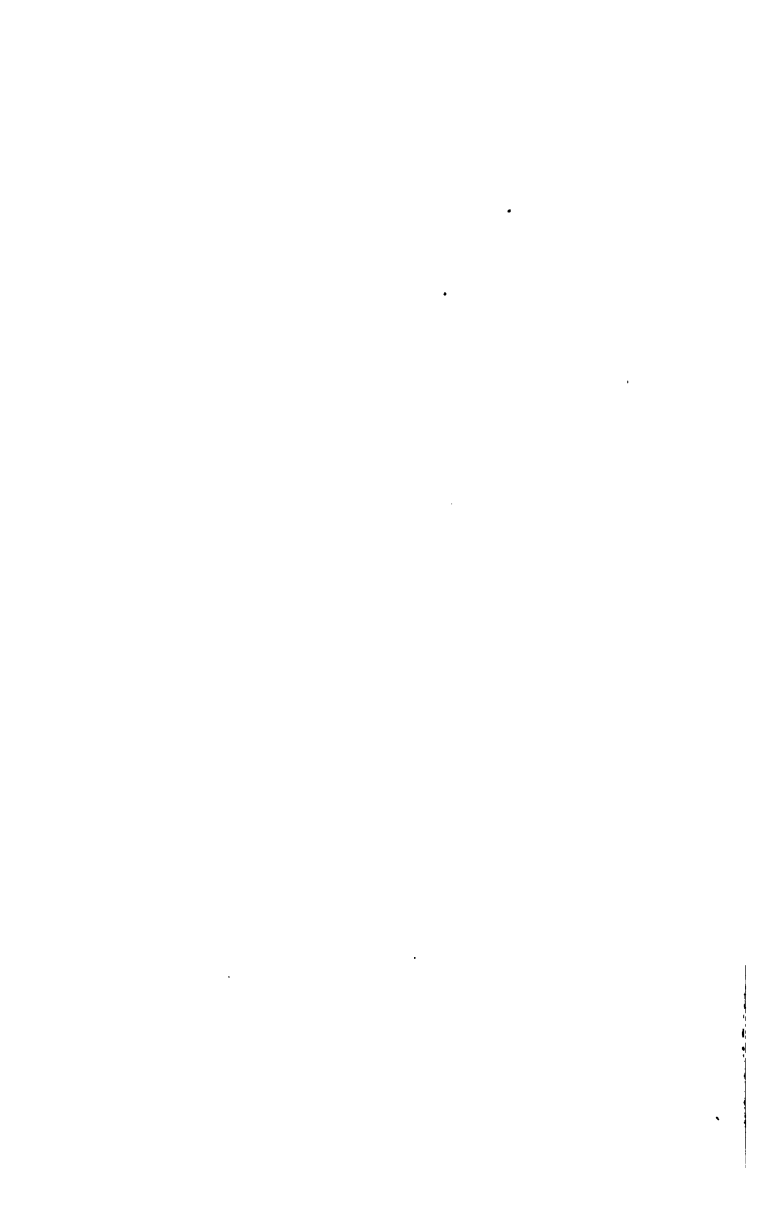
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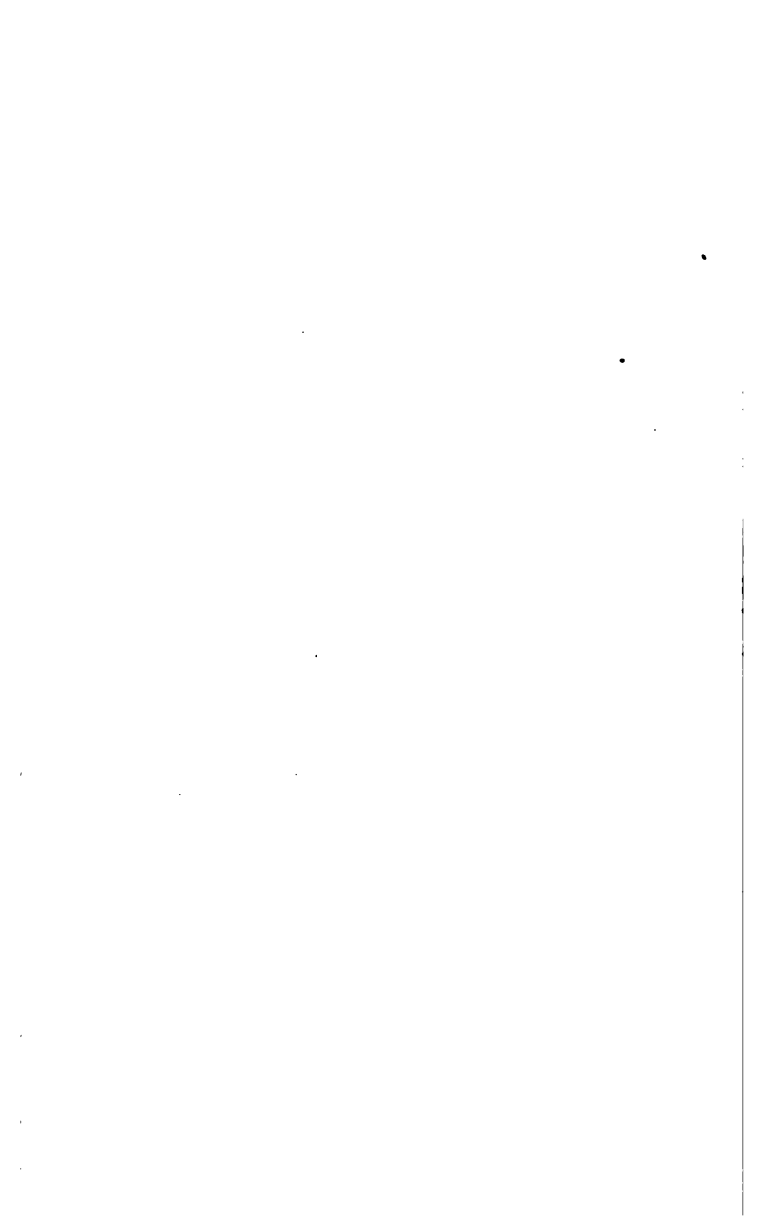
JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, ESSEX STREET,
STRAND.

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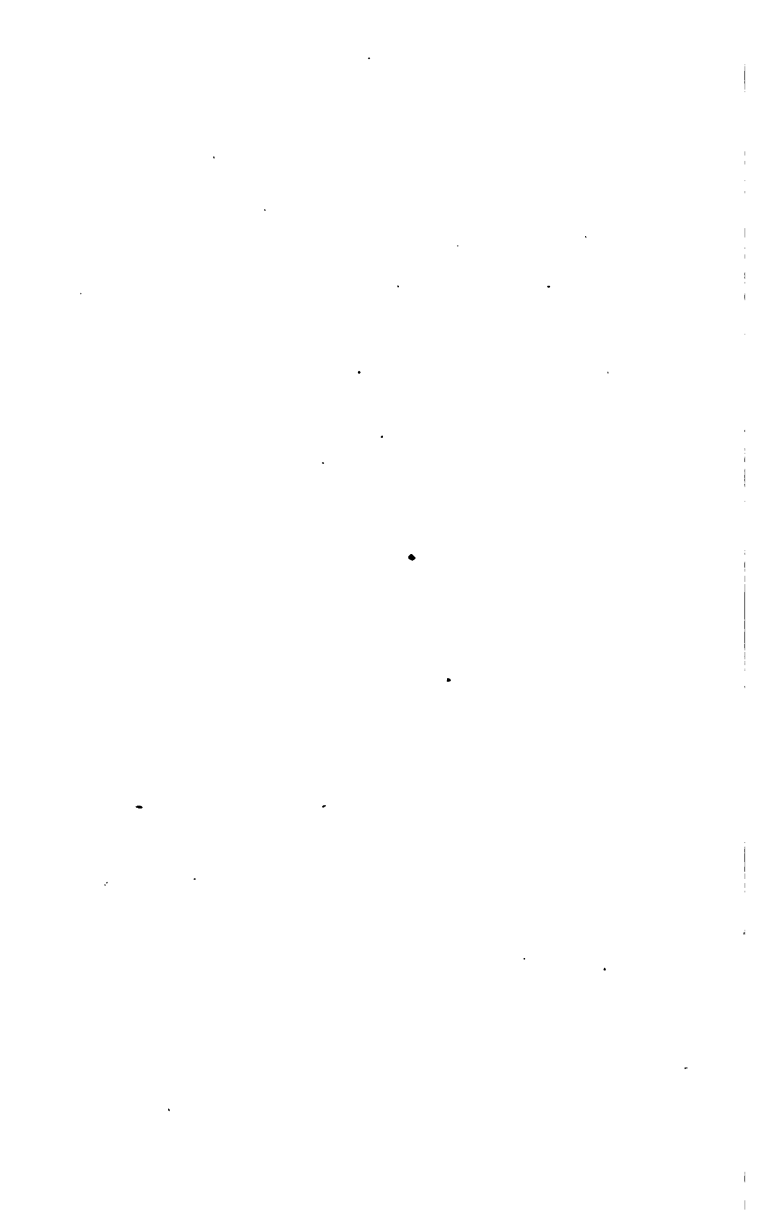
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NOTICE.—This work is designed to form a collection of the choicest Poetry in the English Language. Nothing but what is *really good* will be admitted. No *original* poetry will find a place.

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JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

WORSHIP.

A fine composition by JOHN G. WHITTIER, a poet of America.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this:
To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep
himself unspotted from the world."—*James i. 27.*

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and grey ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
The Syrian hill-grove and the Druid's wood,
With mothers offering to the Fiend's embraces
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
And man's oblation was his fear and woe !

Then through great temples swell'd the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer ;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burden'd air :

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savour
Of gums and spices, could the Unseen please ;
As if His ear could bend, with childish favour,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the church-aisles holy
With trembling reverence ; and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crush'd human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands :
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it : the full joy of Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or increase ;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave.
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken :
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless !

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow !
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead ?
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled ?

Oh, brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good ;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

THE VISION OF A TEMPLE.

A passage from a remarkable poem by ROBERT BROWNING, entitled *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, a work in his quaintest style, strangely mingling comedy with pathos and the purest poetry with the vilest doggerel. How well he can write this will show.

WHAT is it, yon building,
Ablaze in front, all paint and gilding,

With marble for brick, and stones of price
For garniture of the edifice?
Now I see: it is no dream:
It stands there, and it does not seem;
For ever, in pictures, thus it looks,
And thus I have read of it in books,
Often in England, leagues away,
And wonder'd how those fountains play,
Growing up eternally
Each to a musical water-tree,
Whose blossoms drop, a glittering boon,
Before my eyes, in the light of the moon,
To the granite lovers underneath.
Liar and dreamer in your teeth!
I, the sinner that speak to you,
Was in Rome this night, and stood, and knew
Both this and more! For see, for see,
The dark is rent, mine eye is free
To pierce the crust of the outer wall,
And I view inside, and all there, all,
As the swarming hollow of a hive,
The whole Basilica alive!
Men in the chancel, body, and nave,
Men on the pillars' architrave,
Men on the statues, men on the tombs
With popes and kings in their porphyry wombs,
All famishing in expectation
Of the main-altar's consummation.
For see, for see, the rapturous moment
Approaches, and earth's best endowment
Blends with heaven's: the taper fires
Pant up, the winding brazen spires
Heave loftier yet the baldachin;
The incense-gaspings, long kept in,
Suspire in clouds; the organ blatant
Holds his breath and grovels latent,
As if God's hushing finger grazed him
(Like Behemoth when He praised him),
At the silver bell's shrill tinkling;
Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling
On the sudden pavement strew'd
With faces of the multitude.
Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day

Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very Man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, all in all,
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
“I died, and live for evermore!”

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

One of the most spirited of the lyrics of BURNS. Although it must be familiar to every reader, this collection would be incomplete without it.

THERE went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head well arm'd with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
And he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgel'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
And heaved in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe ;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But the miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round :
And so farewell, John Barleycorn !
Thy fate thou now hast found.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

" OH ! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back.

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden-tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me."

"He would not hear my voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see !

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven !"

"And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain ;
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more !"

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

From KEBLE'S *Christian Year*.

"And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."—*St. Luke vii. 13, 14.*

Who says the wan autumnal sun
Beams with too faint a smile
To light up Nature's face again,
And, though the year be on the wane,
With thoughts of Spring the heart beguile ?

Waft him, thou soft September breeze,
 And gently lay him down
 Within some circling woodland wall,
 Where bright leaves, reddening e'er they fall,
 Wave gaily o'er the waters brown.

And if some tones be false or low,
 What are all prayers beneath
 But cries of babes, that cannot know
 Half the deep thought they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore,
 But angels, as we speak,
 Higher above our meaning soar
 Than we o'er children weak.

And yet His words mean more than they,
 And yet He owns their praise:
 Why should we think He turns away
 From infants' simple lays?

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

This, the most magnificent Hymn in our language, is by MILTON.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child,
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies:
 Nature, in awe to him,
 Hath doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathise:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She wooes the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely warbled voice
Answer'd the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd ;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify ;
Yet first to those enchain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged earth aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Bälím

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail ;
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord, with handmaid lamp, attending ;

And all about the courtly stable
Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

HUMAN LIFE.

A passage from ROGERS.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have humm'd their noontide lullaby ;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound.
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
The ale, now brew'd, in floods of amber shine :
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
" 'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter'd round ; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and gazing, bless the scene ;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping 's heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is human Life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretch'd in the desert round their evening fire ;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour !

THE TWO ANGELS.

The following, by Professor LONGFELLOW, appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crown'd with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd :
" Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest !"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd and haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that fill'd the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
 And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath
 Pausing descended, and with voice divine
 Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin;
 And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
 Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against his messengers to shut the door?

REMORSE.

This fine scene, so full of dramatic power and gloomy with poetic imagery, is from ALEXANDER SMITH's *Life Drama*.

Good men have said
 That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sin,—
 He has left me to mine, and I am changed;
 My worst part is insurgent, and my will
 Is weak and powerless as a trembling king
 When millions rise up hungry. Woe is me!
 My soul breeds sins as a dead body worms!
 They swarm and feed upon me. Hear me, God!
 Sin met me and embraced me on my way:
 Methought her cheeks were red, her lips had bloom;
 I kiss'd her bold lips, dallied with her hair:
 She sang me into slumber. I awoke—
 It was a putrid corse that clung to me,
 That *clings* to me like memory to the damn'd,

That rots into my being. Father! God!
 I cannot shake it off! It clings, it clings!—
 I soon will grow as corrupt as itself.
 , God sends me back my prayers, as a father
 Returns unoped the letters of a son
 Who has dishonour'd him.

Have mercy, Fiend!
 Thou Devil, thou wilt drag me down to hell!
 Oh, if she had proclivity to sin
 Who did appear so beauteous and so pure,
 Nature may leer behind a gracious mask
 And God himself may be—I'm giddy, blind;
 The world reels from beneath me.

[*Catches hold of the parapet.*
 (*An Outcast approaches.*) Wilt pray for me?

GIRL (*shuddering*).
 'Tis a dreadful thing to pray.

WALTER.
 Why is it so?
 Hast thou, like me, a spot upon thy soul,
 That neither tears can cleanse, nor fires eterne?

GIRL.
 But few request *my* prayers.

WALTER.
 I request them.
 For ne'er did a dishevell'd woman cling
 So earnest-pale to a stern conqueror's knees,
 Pleading for a dear life, as did my prayer
 Cling to the knees of God. He shook it off,
 And went upon His way. Wilt pray for me?

GIRL.
 Sin crusts me o'er as limpets crust the rocks.
 I would be thrust from every human door;
 I dare not knock at Heaven's.

WALTER.
 Poor homeless one!
 There is a door stands wide for thee and me—

The door of hell. Methinks we are well met.
I saw a little girl three years ago,
With eyes of azure and with cheeks of red—
A crowd of sunbeams hanging down her face ;
Sweet laughter round her ; dancing like a breeze.—
I'd rather lair me with a fiend in fire
Than look on such a face as hers to night.
But I can look on thee, and such as thee !
I'll call thee " Sister ; " do thou call me " Brother."
A thousand years hence, when we both are damn'd,
We'll sit like ghosts upon the wailing shore,
And read our lives by the red light of hell.
Will we not, Sister ?

GIRL.

O thou strange wild man,
Let me alone : what would you seek with me ?

WALTER.

Your ear, my Sister. I have that within
Which urges me to utterance. I could accost
A pensive angel, singing to himself
Upon a hill in heaven, and leave his mind
As dark and turbid as a trampled pool,
To purify at leisure. I have none
To listen to me, save a sinful woman
Upon a midnight bridge.—She was so fair,—
God's eye could rest with pleasure on her face.
Oh God, she was so happy ! Her short life
As full of music as the crowded June
Of an unfallen orb. What is it now ?
She gave me her young heart, full, full of love ;
My return—was to break it. Worse, far worse ;
I crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like a foul toad, polluting as I went.

GIRL.

I pity her—not you. Man trusts in God ;
He is eternal. Woman trusts in man ;
And he is shifting sand.

WALTER.

Poor child, poor child !
We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,

Looking each other wildly in the eyes ;
 Methought I heard the gates of heaven close ;
 She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
 As a wave bursts in spray. She cover'd me
 With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
 With dim dishevell'd tresses hides the hill
 On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
 With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs :
 For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
 And now had nought but me and her great wrong.
 She did not kill me with a single word,
 But once she lifted her tear-dabbled face—
 Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
 Into its burning throat, from that pale look.
 Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend ;
 It drives me out to the black moors at night,
 Where I am smitten by the hissing rain ;
 And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,
 Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn
 Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God ;
 It comes—that face again, that white, white face,
 Set in a night of hair ; reproachful eyes,
 That make me mad. Oh, save me from those eyes !
 They will torment me even in the grave,
 And burn on me in Tophet !

GIRL.

Where are you going ?

WALTER.

My heart's on fire by hell, and on I drive
 To outer blackness, like a blazing ship.

[*He rushes away.*]

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET DRAKE.

By HALLECK, an American poet.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days :
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep ;
 And long where thou art lying
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven
 Like thine are laid on earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow :
 But I've in vain essay'd it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free :—
 The grief is fix'd too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

AUTUMN—AND LIFE'S AUTUMN.

Extracted from a volume of poems published a few years ago, called
The Mountain Decameron.

SEPTEMBER woods, September skies, so soft and sunny all !
 Unfaded and unfallen your leaves, and yet so soon to fall :
 Ah, what avails that dying smile which gilds your fading
 green ?

White Winter peeps, like Death, behind, to shut the fare-
 well scene !

Stretch'd beautiful the landscape lies, a mockery of May,
 Like some fair corpse, yet beautiful, laid out but for decay ;
 Howl, ye wild winds ! beat, wintry rains !—Heaven's groans
 and tears !—more meet
 Than such a smile o'er Summer dead,—so green a
 winding-sheet !

Less sad the wild woods yellowing, their empty arms less sad,
When all their leaves, as torn-off hair, they strew like
mourners mad
On all the winds, and naked stand, the mountain's skeletons,
High beating o'er the waterfalls that thunder back their
groans.

September skies, September woods! How like Life's soft
decline,
When round a heart too old to hope its farewell beauties
shine!
When every pangless minute steals a mournful preciousness,
Till e'en Life's blessings turn to pain, so soon no more to
bless!

With health's mock spring in every limb, its glow, its easy
breath,
More horror flings round thy black frost, thy springless
Winter, Death!
Though like this winter in disguise, Death steals on with a
smile,
It comes, it comes, eclipsing all this bloomy world the
while.

As one borne down a pleasant stream toward a terrific fall,
In its blue depths and cowslip banks no pleasantness at all
Finds, for the failing of his heart in horror of th' abyss—
So sad, though smooth, Life's latter stream; for lo! the
precipice!

Though, like your sapless leaves still green, still hangs th'
unalter'd hair,
Time, that delays its snow, will soon the very skull lay
bare.
Oh, Autumn woods, and fields, and flowers! to you Spring
comes again
To clothe, to paint, to beautify! To man the mourner—
when?

The blossom shall remount its bough, each little flower its
bank—
Each, blushing to the Spring-God's smile, resume its being's
rank;

Th' immortal violet burst the sod : while man, proud man,
whose foot
Treads its pale beauty down shall lie in darkness 'neath its
root!

Though Faith points to a prouder home for Man's ejected
soul,

His mortal part what creed forbids a backward eye to roll?
A valley shepherd, call'd to change his cottage for a throne,
Might sigh to leave his fields, his fold, and all his little own.

So I, while men more worthy, more ambitious of Heaven's
crown,

O'erlook Death's gulf, I shivering stand, and still look back
or down :

Not golden groves of angels tempt my wishes from these
vales,

Enough of Paradise for me, "mine own romantic" Wales!

THE SPIRIT LAND.

By MRS. HEMANS.

The Indians imagine that the way is long, and the only communication between Heaven and Earth is by means of the wild forest-bird, seldom seen. How beautifully MRS. HEMANS embodies the idea in the following poem!

THOU art come from the spirit-land, thou bird!

Thou art come from the spirit-land!

Through the dark pine-grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band.

We know that the bowers are green and fair

In the light of that summer shore,

And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more.

And we know they have quench'd their fever's thirst

From the fountain of Youth ere now,

For there must the stream in its freshness burst
Which none may find below.

And we know that they will not be lured to earth,
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours ;

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our father's days
Which are told to others now !

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain !
Can those who have loved forget ?
We call—and they answer not again—
Do they love—do they love us yet ?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
And the father of his child ?
And the chief, of those who were wont to share
His wanderings through the wild ?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill ;
We know, thou bird ! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still ?

NOON.

By **FREDERICK TENNYSON**, brother of the Laureat, who has lately published a volume of very beautiful poems, from which this is taken.

THE winds are hush'd, the clouds have ceased to sail,
And lie like islands in the Ocean-day,
The flowers hang down their heads, and far away
A faint bell tinkles in a sun-drown'd vale ;
No voice but the cicala's whirring note—
No motion but the grasshoppers that leap ;
The reaper pours into his burning throat
The last drops of his flask, and falls asleep.

The rippling flood of a clear mountain stream
Fleets by, and makes sweet babble with the stones ;
The sleepy music with its murmuring tones
Lays me at noontide in Arcadian dream ;

Hard by soft night of summer bowers is seen,
With trellised vantage curtaining a cove
Whose diamond mirror paints the amber-green,
The glooming bunches, and the boughs above.

Finches, and moths, and gold-dropt dragon-flies
Dip in their wings, and a young village-daughter
Is bending with her pitcher o'er the water ;
Her round arm imaged, and her laughing eyes,
And the fair brow amid the flowing hair,
Look like the nymph's, for Hylas coming up,
Pictured among the leaves and fruitage there ;
Or the boy's self a-drowning with his cup.

Up through the vines, her urn upon her head,
Her feet unsandal'd, and her dark locks free,
She takes her way, a lovely thing to see ;
And like a skylark starting from its bed,
A glancing meteor, or a tongue of flame,
Or virgin waters gushing from their springs,
Her hope flies up—her heart is pure of blame—
On wings of sound : she sings ! oh how she sings !

HOME AND FRIENDS.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven design'd it ;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it !
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature found us ;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us !

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them ;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them !
For things afar still sweeter are,
When Youth's bright spell hath bound us ;
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like home and friends around us !—

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken !
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us !

TO A WITHERED TREE IN JUNE.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

DESOLATE tree ! why are thy branches bare ?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun ?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd ;
Tenderly gavest thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And, ever once the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay,
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect-wings
Around thee gleam ;—
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell in the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped ;
How lonely now !—
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough !

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare ?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun ?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit lone
(Old truth and endless !)

"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly nor for winter nor for storm
Doth Love depart !

We are not all forsaken till the worm
Creeps to the heart !

"Ah ! nought without, within thee if decay,
Can heal or hurt thee ;
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee !"

Brilliant.

NIGHT.

Caroline. See, the moon hangs there on the verge of stars,
Like a bright vestal at a temple porch.

Ferdinand. Ah, 'tis a blissful night ! The universe
Is a great rushing hymn of praise to God.

My heart is singing with the happy spheres ;
Not a string jars, but all is harmony.

Night is the beautiful black slave of God,
And bends before him ever wrapt in awe,

While her great heart throbs thanks in burning stars !

BIGG.

BOOKS.

Some books are drenched sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wreck'd argosy. What power in books !
They mingle gloom and splendour, as I've oft,
In thund'rous sunsets, seen the thunder-piles
Seam'd with dull fire and fiercest glory-rents.
They awe me to my knees, as if I stood
In presence of a king. They give me tears ;

Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed,
 When first they clasp'd a Son of God, all bright
 With burning plumes and splendours of the sky,
 In zoning heaven of their milky arms.
 How few read books aright! Most souls are shut
 By sense from grandeur, as a man who snores
 Night-capp'd and wrapt in blankets to the nose,
 Is shut out from the night, which, like a sea,
 Breaketh for ever on a strand of stars.
 Lady, in book-world have I ever dwelt :
 This book has domed my being like a sky.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

LOVE.

The joys of Love, if they should ever last
 Without affliction or disquietness,
 That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessedness ;
 Likier to Heaven than mortal wretchedness :
 Therefore the winged God, to let man weet
 That here on earth is no sure happiness,
 A thousand sours has temper'd with one sweet
 To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

SPENSER.

LABOUR.

Let us go forth, and resolutely dare
 With sweat of brow to toil our little day,
 And if a tear fall on the task of care
 In memory of those spring hours pass'd away
 Brush it not by !
 Our hearts to God ! to brother men,
 And labour, blessing, prayer, and then
 To these a sign !

MILNES.

WOMAN.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
 Feels in its barrenness some touch of Spring,
 And in the April dew, or beam of May,
 Its moss and lichens freshen and revive—
 And thus the heart most sear'd to human pleasure,
 Melts at the tear, joys at the smile of woman.

Sir JOSEPH BEAUMONT. *b.* 1582.

EARLY SPRING.

Each pretty bud repeats itself, but still
Seems from its little shell to venture out
In hues all newly-chosen ; every note
Soft warble, liquid gush, or joyful shout
Does come with a first beauty on the ear,
Though 'tis the self-same song oft heard in the old year.
Mrs. BODDINGTON.

A BOOK.

It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

COLERIDGE.

HOPE.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,
And memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye.
Then pious Hope and Duty poised,
The wisdom of the unerring sway,
And, while to heaven his eye he raised,
Its silent waters stole away.

Dr. CARTWRIGHT.

THOUGHTS.

The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
Outlive their dreamers and are ours for aye :
No thought once form'd and utter'd can expire.
MACKAY.

FAITH.

'Thy God hath said 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight ;
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the bright sunshine of His smile.

KEBLE.

MEMENTO.

My son, be this thy simple plan ;
 Serve God, and love thy fellow man ;
 Forget not, in temptation's hour,
 That sin lends sorrow double power ;
 Count life a stage upon thy way,
 And follow conscience, come what may,
 Alike with heaven and earth sincere
 With hand, and brow, and bosom clear ;
 Fear God, and know no other fear !

PRINGLE.

A PROPHETESS.

My dreams are wild
 As the lank hair of ancient prophetess,
 Streaming in frenzy on the midnight wild.

BIGG.

ARGUMENT FOR MERCY.

I have a plea,
 As dewy-piteous as the gentle ghost's
 That sits alone upon a forest-grave
 Thinking of no revenge : I have a mandate
 As magical and potent as e'er ran
 Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
 Undid their fingers from the hanging steel,
 And drew them up in prayer : I AM A WOMAN.

BEDDOES.

AFFECTION.

Oh ! cast thou not affection from thee
 In this bitter world.
 Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast ;
 Watch, guard it, suffer not a breath to dim
 The bright gem's purity.

Mrs. HEMANS.



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A DIRGE.

By CHATTERTON, whose melancholy history is known to every reader.

O! SING unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Buddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the brier'd dell below ;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true love's shroud ;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre,
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away :
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crown'd with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits
Thus the damsel spake, and died,

SONG.

A graceful translation, by BRYANT, of a graceful lyric by INGLESIAS,
a poet of Spain.

ALEXIS calls me cruel ;
The lifted crags that hold
The gather'd ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold ;

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim
And forest walks can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among the foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Turning to America, where poetry is taking its place among national literature, we find in a Boston periodical entitled *Whim-whams*, this elegant address.

BALMY breeze from the blossomy south,
Kissing my lips with thy tender mouth,
Touching my forehead with delicate hand,
Lifting my hair up with breath so bland,
And bathing my head with scents of flowers
Borne from the laps of southern bowers—
Balmy breeze, I behold not thee;
Yet, oh, how beautiful thou must be!

Stay—wilt thou stay, sweet breeze? Ah! now
It hath fled away from my lip and brow;
There, over the plain, its wide robe spreads,
And the gentle flowers are bending their heads:
It hath enter'd the wood—the beautiful breeze!
I hear its music among the trees;
And now it is passing over the river—
I know by the water's timid quiver.

Balmy breeze! I behold not thee;
But, oh, how beautiful thou must be!
Come, thou breeze, from the bloomy south,
Kiss my lips with thy tender mouth,
Touch my brow with thy delicate hand,
And take me away to thy southern land;
Then never more, breeze invisible, roam,
But dwell with me in thy spirit's home.

SONG.

The spirit of the old Lyrists seems to have inspired this composition
by CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT is it ails thee, heart of mine?
What makes thee sorrow and repine,

And in sweet Nature's face no more
Take the same pleasure as before?

Why, when the flowerets gem the ground,
And birds make music all around,
And each created thing is glad,
Art thou so desolate and sad?

Time was, when not a bird could spring,
But thou wert pleased to hear it sing,
When woods and wilds were fair to see,
And sunshine beautiful to thee.

Sad heart of mine! by love alone
The darkness and the blight are thrown,
'Tis falsehood causes thy annoy,
Thou 'st lost thy lover and thy joy.

Oh Fate! my happy times renew—
All nature smiles when love is true;
Would he be kind, I'd not be sad,
And little things should make me glad.

Once more for me the birds should sing,
And birds make music with the spring,
And Nature's voice resound with glee,
Were my false love but true to me.

FAREWELL TO RIVILIN.

Another graceful lyric by EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

BEAUTIFUL River! goldenly shining
Where with the cistus woodbines are twining;
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,) Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?

Why do I love thee, heart-breaking River?
Love thee, and leave thee? Leave thee for ever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's Sister! sad in thy gladness.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing,
 Man is a shadow ? River undying !
 Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
 E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

Oh, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
 Coffin'd in slander, far from thy roses,
 Tell all thy pilgrims, heart-breaking River !
 Tell them I loved thee—love thee for ever !

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal ;
 River of Beauty ! love is eternal :
 While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
 Safe is the fountain flowing from heaven.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
 Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming !
 Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
 Glad as the heathflower, glowing to meet thee.

◆

TIMBER.

How full of graceful sentiment is the following extract from
Vaughan's Poems, published in 1640.

SURE thou didst flourish once, and many Springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
 Pass'd o'er thy head ; many light hearts, and wings,
 That now are dead, lodged in thy living towers :

And still a new succession sings, and flies—
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring-skies,
 While the low violet thriveth at their root.

◆

WHAT ELOQUENCE DOST *THOU* LOVE BEST?

We extract the following graceful and spirited stanzas from an old
 number of the *Dublin National Magazine*, a periodical, which has long
 since ceased publication. The author is JOHN LOCKE.

WHAT eloquence dost *thou* love best ?
 The lyre, the lamp, the tongue, the eye ;
 That vary here our strange unrest,
 As shadows o'er the landscape fly.

The lyre, disturbed by warrior fingers,
Lashes the passions into strife ;
When beauty wakes the theme, it lingers
Around the gentler springs of life,
Soothes the hurt spirit's fitful sadness,
Exults in mirth, or love's sweet madness—
Giving to each uncommon zest—
What eloquence dost *thou* love best ?

The lamp to study pale has brought
The treasures of the ebbing past,
Whose years are hours of struggling thought,
But life e'en here shall death outlast—
Whose soul, self-lumined, like a star,
Shines forth to men and times afar,
By love of wondrous lore possess'd—
What eloquence dost *thou* love best ?

The tongue persuasion's golden flood,
Gushing from depth of heart and brain,
Rolls o'er the sluggish multitude
In turbid wave on wave amain ;
Till pealing shout, and glancing brand,
Echo the o'ermastering demand,
And glorious praise from every breast—
What eloquence dost *thou* love best ?

The eye, when flashing conscious power,
Or absent, fix'd in pensive slumbers,
Adds might to genius' happiest hour,
And sympathy to music's numbers,
Releasing thoughts, for words too bright,
By a mute language of pure light,
To all reveal'd, by all exprest—
What eloquence dost *thou* love best ?

THE EXECUTION.

A powerful passage in one of the poems of BARHAM, better known as the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

SWEETLY, oh sweetly! the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;

Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
 On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die.
 Alack! that ever so fair a sun
 As that which its course had now begun,
 Should rise on such scene of misery,—
 Should gild with rays so light and free
 That dismal dark-frowning gallows tree:
 And hark! a sound comes big with fate,
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes eight:
 List to that low, funereal bell,
 It is tolling, alas! a *living man's* knell:
 And see! from forth that opening door
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more;—
 God! 'tis a fearsome sight to see
 That pale wan man's meek agony,
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
 As though 'twere scanning in doubt and in fear
 The path of the spirit's unknown career;
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands which ne'er
 Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer—
 The heaving chest! Enough—'tis done,
 The bolt has fallen! The spirit is gone:
 For weal or for woe is known but to One.
 Oh! 't was a fearsome sight! Ah me!
 A deed to shudder at—*not to see.*

THINK OF ME.

By W. G. CLARK.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
 Glideth through meadows that the greenest be;
 Go, listen to your own beloved river,
 And think of me!

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
 Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree!
 List to the dim brook pining as it playeth,
 And think of me!

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
 And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
 Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
 And think of me !

And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,
 And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
 Go, silent as a star, beneath her beaming,
 And think of me !

FLORAL FANCIES.

Cut from an old newspaper.

WELCOME ! gleams of green—of amber !
 Children ! playmates ! out and see,
 Floating from her ice-bound chamber,
 Spring, the flower-crown'd spring, set free !
 See her blue eyes, glad to weeping.
 O'er the wan world oped anew ;
 O'er the meads fresh waters leaping,
 Silvery-stepp'd, and tuneful too !
 Singing, ringing, wildest measure.
 Wild as if gone mad with pleasure !

Now the warm rays' noonday brightness
 Wakes the sleepy flowers below—
 Some like gentle ghosts, all whiteness—
 Some like maiden cheeks that glow—
 Jonquils pale—how pale ! but sweeter,
 Richer than the rose of June ;
 Daffodils whose day is fleeter,
 Born like smiles and lost as soon.
 Pansies clad in wondrous glory,
 Rare as kings in eastern story.

Yonder, where the sparkling showers
 Fall like music heard in sleep,
 There have burst the crocus flowers,
 Laughing out while cloudlets weep.
 Time of beauty—time of blessing—
 Sunny childhood of the year !
 Earth, so lorn ere thy caressing,
 Blooms like one whom angels cheer :

Kiss her, clasp her, tend her kindly,
She has sorrow'd long and blindly.

Sorrow'd childless, bloomless, blighted,
Like a mother gone distraught—
Ah! that young smile rapture-lighted,
Nestling there new life hath wrought;
Lilies weave her brow's soft splendour,
Crown'd with gems—the jewel-dews.
Violets dark her mild eyes render,
Almond-pink her cheeks suffuse!
Kiss her, clasp her—soundest slumbers
Soon must melt at such warm numbers.

O'er her shoulders thickly streaming
May's laburnum knots of gold;
Ringlets rich in radiance gleaming,
As were Absalom's of old!
Now she wakes—she pants—she rises—
Standing midst the milk-white boughs,
Bride-like! full of sweet surprises,
Bride-like! blushing while she vows.
Now she walks the world in beauty—
Now sweet Love becomes a duty.

SONG.

This celebrated song is printed in several collections of poems published in the sixteenth century. There are many variations in each of the copies. The following version is that given by RITSON in his *English Songs*, with the exception of the last stanza, which is from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In that manuscript the poem is ascribed to SIR EDWARD DYER, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney.

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live—this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.

Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all :
These get with toil, and keep with fear ;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory ;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why ? My mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more ;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend : they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane :
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear, my chief defence ;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all did so as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is—
I fear not fortune's fatal law :
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate ;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Some weigh their pleasures by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill ;
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

By JANE TAYLOR.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow frame,
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And yields the fringe a gem.
The window's gothic framework falls,
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come, and pass'd away ;
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade.

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
That cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn and fleur-de-lis ;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall,
Hither his train did bring,
All seated round in order due,
With broider'd suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All rev'rently they knelt,
Prayer-book, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Then streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam long and lone
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription-stone;
And there in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretch'd together are express'd
He and his lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he,
With ruffled arm and boddice, she.

Set forth, in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past offences to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
And generations new,
In regular descent from him
Have fill'd the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the modern-polish'd squire
With his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire
A season every year,

And fill the seat with belle and beau
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest,
Another and another guest.

The feather'd hearse and sable train
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village-lane
And stand before the gate.
Brought many a distant country through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gently o'er their heads ;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the Squire's Pew.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

STOP, mortal ! Here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor,
His books were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow, and the moor ;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave !
Sin met thy brother everywhere !
And is thy brother blamed ?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He fear'd to scorn or hate ;
 But, honouring in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great.
 He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes
 The poor man's little more ;
 Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes
 From plunder'd labour's store,
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare—
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.



TO A NEW VISITANT, ON A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

By J. H. WIFFEN.

" One that from some unknown sphere
 Brings strange thoughts and feelings here:
 Dreams of days gone out of mind,
 Hints of home still left behind ;
 Spring's fresh pastime, winter's mirth,
 Smiles of Heaven, and tears of Earth."

The Blank Leaf.

WELCOME, dear child, with all a father's blessing
 To thy new sphere of motion, light, and life !
 After the long suspense, the fear distressing
 Love's strong subduing strife.

Seal'd with the smile of Him who made the morning,
 Though to the matron charge of Eve consign'd,
 Com'st thou, my radiant babe, the mystic dawning,
 Of one more deathless mind.

'Tis a strange world, they say, and full of trouble,
 Wherein thy destin'd course is to be run :
 Where joy is deem'd a shadow, peace a bubble,
 And true bliss known to none.

Yet to high destinies it leads,—to natures
Glorious, and pure, and beautiful, and mild,
Shapes all impassive to decay, with features
Lovelier than thine, fair child !

To wing'd Beatitudes, for ever tending,
Rank above rank, to the bright source of bliss,
And, in ecstatic vision tranced, still blending,
Their grateful love with His.

Then, if thou'rt launch'd in this benign direction,
We will not sorrow that thy porch is past :
Come, many a picture waits thy young inspection,
Each lovelier than the last.

What shall it be ? on Earth, in Air, in Ocean,
A thousand things are sparkling to excite
Thy hope, thy fear, joy, wonder, or devotion,
Heiress of rich delight.

Wilt thou, when Reason has her star implanted
On thy fair brow, with Galileo soar ?
Rove with Linnaeus through the woods, or haunted
Be by more charmed lore ?

Shall sky-taught Painting, with her ardent feeling,
Her rainbow pencil to thy hand commit ?
Or shall the quiver'd spells be thine, revealing
The polish'd shafts of Wit ?

Or to thy fascinated eye, her mirror
Shall the witch Poesy delight to turn,
And strike thee warm to every brilliant error
Glanced from her magic urn ?

Heed her not, darling ! she will smile benignly,
So she may win thy inexperienced ear ;
But the fond tales she warbles so divinely
Will cost thee many a tear.

She has a castle, where in death-like slumbers,
Full of wild dreams, she casts her slaves, some break
After long hurt, their golden chains ; but numbers
Never with sense awake.

She it was, dear, who in Greek story acted
 Such tragic masques : who in the grape's disguise
 Choked sweet Anacreon, Sappho's soul distracted,
 And sear'd old Homer's eyes :

Tasso she tortured, Savage unbefriended,
 O'er Falconer's bones the matted sea-weed spread :
 Chatterton poison'd, Otway starved, and blended
 White with the early dead !

She too with many a smile thy sire has flatter'd,
 Promising flowers, and fame, and guerdons rare ;
 Till youth was past, and then, he found, she scatter'd
 Her vows and wreaths in air.

Shun then the Siren : spurn her laurell'd chalice,
 Though the bright nectar dance above the brim :
 Lest she should seize thee in her mood of malice,
 And tear thee, limb from limb.

But to selecter influences, my beauty,
 Pay thy young vows,—to Truth, that ne'er beguiles,
 Virtue, fix'd faith, and unpretending duty,
 Whose frowns beat Fancy's smiles.

Look on me, love, that in those radiant glasses
 Thy future tastes and fortunes I may trace,—
 O'er them alternate shade and sunshine passes,
 Enhancing every grace.

Peace is there yet, and purity, and pleasure ;
 With a foud yearning o'er the leaves I look :
 But the lid falls—farewell the enchanting treasure !
 Closed is the starry book !

“ AS I LAYE A THINKYNGE.”

The last lines of THOMAS INGOLDSBY, whose real name was BARHAM—the author of the famous *Ingoldsby Legends*.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the birde as she sat upon the spraye ;
 There came a noble Knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,

Free and gaye :

As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the birde as she sat upon the tree ;

There seem'd a crimson'd plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein

Ran free,

As I laye a-thynkyng, most pityful to see.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the birde as she sat upon the boughe ;

A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed manie a syghe

And a vowe,

As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the birde as she sat upon the thorne ;

No more a youth was there,
But a maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sadde despaire,

"That I was borne!"

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the birde as she sat upon the briar ;

There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled

On his sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a cherub mote admire.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;

That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan
As the downe upon the swan

Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that birde as it glitter'd on her breast ;

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies,
 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
 As to her nest ;
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
 " Follow, follow me away,
 It boots not to delay,"—
 'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
 " HERE IS REST."

RESIGNATION.

(Written on the death of an infant daughter.)

By LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachael, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions.
 Not from the ground arise ;
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
 Amid these earthly damps
 What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
 May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so in transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb to the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, but tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

There is many a mother among our readers, and there is not one of them whose heart will not respond to the beautiful lines of our most gifted poetess, Mrs. NORTON, on her three children.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;

Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to Heav'n ;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly-cheerful—such wert thou, my child !

Not willing to be left ; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying ;—
Nor leaving in thy turn ; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy ! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
Still round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind !

Then thou, my merry love, bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Did come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth !

Thine was the shout ! the song ! the burst of joy !
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth ;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth ;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye !

And thine was many a heart to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming ;
The coaxing smile ;—the frequent soft caress ;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming !
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length thou camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

TO-DAY.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid:

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

TO THE SKYLARK.

This pretty and original production appeared in *Tait's Magazine*.

We call thee bird of ethereal wing,—
Morning songster,—musical thing,—
Melody's child,—bright bird of fame,—
Sky-lark,—and many a pretty name.

By what do spirits of upper air
Address thee when thou singest there?
Have they a name more sweet than ours,
To win thee from these earthly bowers?

Or what the appellation given,
Thy spirit-self in fields of Heaven?
I'd know it now, that, ere I go,
I may speak it, Lark, I love thee so!

 THE MARTYR.

This very sweet poem is taken from a novel called *Singleton Fontenoy*, the author of which is, we believe, an American.

It was the early morning
When first she met my view;
What time with heavy rain-drops,
Sparkled the spear-like yew:
It was the fall of summer
When she used to pass by me;
What time the year was weaning
The fruit from the mother-tree.

Ever in early morning,
Glided she forth alone;
Cold and silent she seem'd,
As a lily carved in stone;
Ever, in early morning
Forth the maiden goes,
With water, cold as her glances,
To water a lonely rose.

Drooping and dying the rose seem'd—
Forth the maiden goes—
Paler and paler her cheek grew,
Redder and redder the rose!
It was the early morning—
The rose had gained its prime—
A voice like the voice of the maiden,
Was heard in the village chime.

Still, from the early morning,
Went on a heavy work ;
Deeply the green earth was wounded,
In the shadow of the kirk,
Then there was no more morning,
Oh ! then my grief was strong—
The rose deck'd the grave of the maiden
Who had nourish'd it so long.

SPRING.

This beautiful description of spring is from a poem entitled the *Ballad of Babe Christabel*, lately published by GERALD MASSEY, another poet of the people.

WHEN Danæ earth bares all her charms,
And gives the God her perfect flower,
Who, in the sunshine's golden shower,
Leaps warm into her amorous arms !

When buds are bursting on the brier,
And all the kindled greenery glows,
And life hath richest overflows,
And morning fields are fringed with fire :

When young maids feel love stir i' the blood,
And wanton with the kissing leaves
And branches, and the quick sap heaves,
And dances to a ripen'd flood ;

Till, blown to its hidden heart with sighs,
Love's red rose burns i' the cheek so dear,
And, as sea-jewels upward peer,
Love-thoughts melt through their swimming eyes :

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,
 And, fed with April's mellow showers,
 The earth laughs out with sweet May flowers,
 That flush for very happiness :

And Spider-Puck such wonder weaves
 O' nights, and nooks of greening gloom
 Are rich with violets that bloom
 In the cool dark of dewy leaves :

When rose-buds drink the fiery wine
 Of dawn with crimson stains i' the mouth,
 All thirstily as yearning youth
 From Love's hand drinks the draught divine ;

And honey'd plots are drowsed with bees :
 And larks rain music by the shower,
 While singing, singing by the hour,
 Song like a spirit sits i' the trees !

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
 And in the poorest life's salt cup
 Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
 Her rainbow over Memory's tear !

It fell upon a merry May morn,
 I' the perfect prime of that sweet time .
 When daisies whiten, woodbines climb,—
 The dear Babe Christabel was born.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

By W. ALLINGHAM.

Now autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
 And night by night the monitory blast
 Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
 O'er empty fields, o'er upland solitudes,
 Or grim wide wave ; and now the power is felt
 Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
 Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
 Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
 Pensive and glad, with tones that recognise

The soft invisible dew on each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

A LOVELY LADY.

The works of GEORGE WITHER are so scarce and dear that we do not apologize for introducing a passage from the *Mistress of Philarete*, (highly commended by Charles Lamb as of pre-eminent merit), to the readers of *Beautiful Poetry*. A lover, after rapturous commendations of his mistress, expresses surprise that all others do not see her in the same light that he does.

SOMETIME I do admire
All men burn, not with desire ;
Nay, I muse her servants are not
Pleading love ; but O ! they dare not.
And I therefore wonder, why
They do not grow sick and die.
Sure they would do so, but that,
By the ordinance of fate,
There is some concealed thing,
So each gazer limiting,
He can see no more of merit,
Than beseems his worth and spirit.
For in her a grace there shines,
That o'er-daring thoughts confines,
Making worthless men despair
To be loved of one so fair.
Yea, the destinies agree,
Some good judgments blind should be,
And not gain the power of knowing
Those rare beauties in her growing.
Reason doth as much imply :
For, if every judging eye,
Which beholdeth her, should there
Find what excellences are,
All, o'ercome by those perfections
Would be captive to affections.
So, in happiness unblest,
She for lovers should not rest.

Brilliant.

REMEMBRANCE.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
 Awes not so deeply in its morning hour,
 As when the shades of time serenely fall
 On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
 The tender images we love to trace,
 Steal from each year a melancholy grace !
 And as the sparks of social love expand,
 As the heart opens in a foreign land,
 And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile
 The stranger greets each native of his isle ;
 So scenes of life, when present and confest,
 Stamp but their bolder features on the breast :
 Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
 However trivial and however rude,
 But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
 With every claim of close affinity.

ROGERS.

SERVICES.

Small service is true service while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one ;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

POWER OF MIND.

It wants but effort of the active mind
 To people Earth and Heaven with ministering sprites.
 The young Aurora with her rosy cheeks
 Sits as of yore at portals of the morn,
 And thoughtful Hesper with her starry eyes
 Looks as in olden time from day to night,
 And makes both beautiful.

MACKAY.

CURSES.

Curse not ! Ill doing is a deeper curse
 Than tongue can utter. Evil will rebound,
 And each ungentle thought, and word, and deed,
 Fly back, and quiver in the conscious breast.

PATRICK SCOTT.

LOVE.

Oft when I look, I may descry
 A little face peep through that eye ;
 Sure that's the boy, who wisely chose
 His throne among such beams as those,
 Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
 May serve for darts to kill withal.

THOMAS CAREW. 1610.

THE WARRIOR.

A grim old king
 Whose blood leapt madly when the trumpets brayed
 To joyous battle 'mid a storm of steeds,
 Won a rich kingdom on a battle-day ;
 But in the sunset he was ebbing fast,
 Ring'd by his weeping lords. His left hand held
 His white steed, to the belly splash'd with blood,
 That seem'd to mourn him with its drooping head,
 His right, his broken brand ; and in his ear
 His old victorious banners flap the winds.
 He called his faithful herald to his side,—
 "Go ! tell the dead I come !" With a proud smile,
 The warrior with a stab let out his soul,
 Which fled and shriek'd through all the other world,
 "Ye dead ! My master comes !" And there was pause
 Till the great shade should enter.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me, on what holy ground
 May domestic peace be found ?
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,
 Far on fearful wings she flies
 From the pomp of sceptred state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate.
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,
 Listening to the Sabbath bells.
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,
 And, conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

COLERIDGE.

LOVE.

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
 School'd only by his mother's tender eye;
 What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,
 When for so soft a rod dear play to try?
 And yet my Star, because a sugar'd kiss
 In sport I suck'd, while she asleep did lie,
 Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only this;
 Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.
 But no sense serves; she makes her wrath appear
 In beauty's throne—see now who dares come near
 These scarlet judges, threatening bloody pain?
 O heavenly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
 Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
 That anger's self I needs must kiss again.
 Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

HEAVEN.

There is lyf without any death,
 And there is youth without any elde;
 And there is all manner wealth to welde;
 And there is rest without any travaille;
 And there is pees without any strife,
 And there is all manner lyving of life;—
 And there is bright somur ever to see,
 And there is never winter in that countrie;
 And there is more worship and honour
 Than ever had king or emperour;
 And there is great melody of anges songe,
 And there is preysing him among;
 And there is alle manner friendship that may be,
 And there is evere perfect love and charitie;
 And there is wisdom without folye,
 And there is honestie without vileneye;
 As these a man may joys of hevencall;
 As quitte the most sovereign joye of alle;
 To the sight of Goddes bright face
 In whom shineth all mannere grace.

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Will "BRENDA" send us a copy of the poem she names. We have not the means of access to it.

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TEN YEARS AGO.

By ALARIC A. WATTS.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sear'd not then its pathway green;
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours—
Feelings we ne'er can know again,—
Unwither'd hopes—unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain:
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us, ten years ago!

Time has not blanch'd a single hair,
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of care
Left e'en one furrow on thy brow:
Thine eyes are blue as when we met
In love's deep truth in earlier years:
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though somewhat stain'd by secret tears;—
But where, oh where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all, ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why;
I feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high
Melt like a wreath of snow away!
Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill!
Though now in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below—
Oh! how unlike ten years ago!

But look not thus, I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
When all around me seem'd so fair!
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep 'mid storm and gloom,

Endear'd by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!

Has fortune frown'd? her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill,
Have friends proved false? their love might wane!
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms—in tempests tried—
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watch'd our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet in that dark hour
To think—'mid mutual tears and sighs—
Our bud had left its earthly bower
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that sooth'd that woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But sweeter far, 'mid cloud and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me;
Then dry those tears—though somewhat changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath friends and hopes estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth,
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago!

THE LAST MAN.

By CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
His immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan ;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with their dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
As if a storm pass'd by :
Saying, " We are twins in death, proud sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go ;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.

" What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will !
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day !
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

" Go ! let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again :

Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe,
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe!

"Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

"Go, Sun! while Mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality
Or shake his trust in God!

LOVE.

A beautiful passage from BULWER'S *Richelieu*, a Drama.

[ADRIEN DE MAUPRAT and COUNT BARADAS.]

BAR. (Aloud) Thou lovest.

DE MAU. Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watchfires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amid the clustering hosts
To bless it with the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as that star in heaven?
For our divine affections, like the spheres,
Move ever, ever musical!

BAR. You speak
As one that fed on poetry.

DE MAU. Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry,
As leaves with summer wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel lutes,
As Eve in the first garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world, and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses, flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps. Her voice,
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or fairies dip their changelings! In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties, Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him! Oh, those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche! Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purfled phrases of a lover.
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.



SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

Although familiar to every reader, this gathering of the beauties of the Poets would be incomplete without the following, from the fourth book of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks ?
How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome ; still paying, still to owe :
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet, why not ? Some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love, dealt equally to all ?
Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then, at last relent : is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission ; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery : such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state ; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore ! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void :
For never can true reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep :
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope ; and, with hope, fear ;
Farewell, remorse : all good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my good : by thee, at least,
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,
As man, ere long, and this new world, shall know.

ON A LADY SLANDERED.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

HER doom is writ : her name is grown
 Familiar in the common mouth ;
 And she who was, when all unknown,
 Like a sunbeam bursting from the south,
 Is overshadow'd by her fate ;
 By others' envy, others' hate !

I loved her when her fame was clear ;
 I love her now her fame is dark :
 Twice—thrice—a thousand times more dear
 Is she, with Slander's serpent mark,
 Than Beauty that did never know
 Shadow,—neither shame nor woe.

Let who will admire,—adore,
 Her whom vulgar crowds do praise ;
I will love my Love the more
When she falls on evil days !
 Truer, firmer will I be,
 When the truth-like fail or flee.

Bird of mine ! though rivers wide
 And wild seas between us run,
 Yet I'll some day come, with pride,
 And serve thee, from sun to sun ;
 Meantime, all my wishes flee
 To thy nest beyond the sea !

Mourn not ! let a brighter doom
 Breed no anguish in thy mind :
 If the rose hath most perfume,
 It hath still the thorn behind :
 If the sun be at its height,
 Think what follows,—certain night.

Murmur not ! whatever ill
 Cometh, am *I* not thy friend,
 (In false times the firmer still)
 Without changing, without end ?
 Ah ! if one true friend be thine,
 Dare not to repine !



MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

By T. K. HERVEY.

THE noon-day sun is riding high,
Along the calm and cloudless sky ;
The mantle of its gorgeous glow
Floats sleepily o'er all below :
And heaven and earth are brightly gay
Beneath the universal ray :
But not a wandering sunbeam falls
Within these high and hallow'd walls,
Which echo back my lonely tread,
Like solemn answers from the dead ;
—The murmurs steal along the nave,
And die above my sister's grave.
'Tis evening—still I linger here :
Yet sorrow speaks not in a tear !
The silence is so sadly deep,
The place so pure, I dare not weep ;
I sit as in a shapeless dream,
Where all is changing, save its theme ;
And if a sigh will sometimes heave
A heart that loves, but may not grieve,
It seems as though the spirits round
Sent back reproachfully the sound :
And then I start, and think I have
A chiding from my sister's grave !

The feeling is a nameless one
With which I sit upon thy stone,
And read the tale I dare not breathe
Of blighted hope that sleeps beneath.
A simple tablet bears above
Brief record of a father's love,
And hints, in language yet more brief,
The story of a father's grief :
Around the night-breeze sadly plays
With 'scutcheons of the elder days ;
And faded banners dimly wave
On high, right o'er my sister's grave !

Lost spirit !—thine was not a breast
To struggle vainly after rest ;

Thou wert not made to bear the strife,
 Nor labour through the storms of life ;
 Thy heart was in too warm a mould
 To mingle with the dull and cold ;
 And every thought that wrong'd thy truth
 Fell like a blight upon thy youth ;
 Thou should'st have been, for thy distress,
 Less pure, and oh ! more passionless ;
 For sorrow's wasting mildew gave
 Thy beauty to my sister's grave.

But all thy griefs, my girl, are o'er—
 Thy fair blue eyes shall weep no more ;
 'Tis sweet to know thy fragile form
 Lies safe from every future storm.
 Oft as I haunt the dreary gloom
 That gathers round thy peaceful tomb,
 I love to see the lightning stream
 Along thy stone with fitful gleam ;
 To fancy in each flash are given
 Thy spirit's visitings from heaven ;
 And smile to hear the tempest rave
 Above my sister's quiet grave !

LOVE'S MEMORY.

A sweet poem by MARY ANNE BROWNE.

I WORE a wreath ; 'twas fresh and fair—
 Rich roses in their crimson pride,
 And the blue harebell flowers were there—
 I wore and flung the wreath aside :
 Too much did these bright blossoms speak
 Of thy dear eyes and youthful cheek.

I took my lute : methought its strain
 Might wile the heavy hours along :
 I strove to fill my heart and brain
 With the sweet breath of ancient song :
 In vain ; whate'er I made my choice
 Was fraught with thy bewitching voice.

And down I laid the restless lute,
And turn'd me to the poet's page :
And vainly deem'd that converse mute,
Unmingled' might my heart engage ;
But in the poet's work I find
The fellow essence of thy mind.

I wander'd 'midst the silent wood,
And sought the greenest, coolest shade,
Where not a sunbeam might intrude :
And in a chestnut's quiet shade
I sate, and in that leafy gloom
Thought of the darkness of the tomb ;

And strove to lead my heart to drink
At the deep founts of wandering thought ;
To ponder on the viewless link
Between our souls and bodies wrought :
To quench my passionate dreams of thee
Awhile in that philosophy.

Yet all the while thine image bright
Still flitted by, my mind to win,
Casting through dreamy thoughts its light
Like sunshine that *would* enter in :
And every leaf and every tree
Seem'd quivering with beams of thee.

Beloved ! I will strive no more !
Thine image in vice-regal power
Shall ruling sit, all memories o'er,
Throned in my heart, until the hour
When thou thyself shalt come again,
Restoring there thine olden reign.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

By LONGFELLOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravell'd pathway
The light and shadow play'd.

I saw the nursery window
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He look'd for his little playmates
Who would return no more.

They walk'd not under the lindens,
They play'd not in the hall ;
But shadow and silence and sadness
Were hanging over all !

The birds sung in the branches
With sweet familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walk'd beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine—ah, closer !—
I press'd his warm soft hand !

LINES.

By HARTLEY COLERIDGE, on a picture of a very young nun, *not* reading a devotional book and *not* contemplating a crucifix placed beside her.

So young, too young—consign'd to cloistral shade ;
Untimely wedded—wedded, yet a maid !
And hast thou left no thought, no wish behind,
No sweet employment for the wandering wind,
Who would be proud to waft a sigh from thee
Sweeter than ought he steals in Araby ?

Thou wert immured—poor maiden—as I guess,
In the blank childhood of thy simpleness ;
Too young to doubt, too pure to be ashamed,
Thou gavest to God—what God had never claim'd ;
And didst unwitting sign away thine all
Of earthly good—a guiltless prodigal ;

The large reversion of thine unborn love
 Was sold to purchase an estate above.
 Yet, by thy hands upon thy bosom prest,
 I think indeed thou art not quite at rest :—
 That Christ that hangs upon the sculptured cross
 Is *not* the Jesus to redeem thy loss ;
 Nor will that book, whate'er its page contain,
 Convince thee that the world is false and vain.

Even now there is a something at thy heart
 That would be off,—but may not, dare not start.
 Yes, yes, thy face, thine eyes, thy closed lips, prove
 Thou wert created to be loved, and love.

Poor maiden ! victim of the vilest craft
 At which e'er Moloch grinn'd or Belial laught,
 May all thine aimless wishes be forgiven,
 May all thy sighs be register'd in Heaven,
 And God his mercy and his love impart
 To what thou shouldst have been—and what thou art !

PROGRESS OF THE DRAMA.

By Dr. JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
 His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule ;
 His studious patience and laborious art
 By regular approach essay'd the heart ;
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays ;
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise ;
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's flame ;

Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ :
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days :
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept ;
Yet still did passion deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit.
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage.
Perhaps, if skill could distant climes explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store ;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride ;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste :
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice—
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence,
Of rescued nature and reviving sense ;

To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
 And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

By W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

CARTHAGE ! I love thee—thou hast run
 As I a warlike race !
 And now thy glory's radiant sun
 Hath veil'd in clouds his face :
 Thy days of pride, as mine, depart ;
 Thy gods desert thee, and thou art
 A thing as nobly base
 As he whose sudden footstep falls
 To-night around thy crumbling walls.

And Rome hath heap'd her woes and pains
 Alike on me and thee ;
 And thou dost sit in servile chains—
 But mine they shall not be :
 Though fiercely o'er this aged head
 The wrath of angry Jove is shed,
 Marius still shall be
 Free, in the pride that scorns the foe
 And bares the head to meet the blow.

I wear not yet thy slavery's vest,
 As desolate I roam ;
 And though the sword were at my breast,
 The torches in my home,
 Still, still, for orison and vow,
 I'd fling thee back my curse as now,—
 I scorn, I hate thee, Rome !
 My voice is weak to word or threat—
 My arm is strong to battle yet !

BARBARA.

By ALEXANDER SMITH. One of his most beautiful compositions.

On the Sabbath day,
 Through the churchyard old and grey,
 Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way ;

And amid the words of mercy, falling on the soul like balms;
'Mong the gorgeous storms of music in the mellow organ-
calms;

'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and
solemn psalms,

I stood heedless, Barbara!

My heart was elsewhere,
While the organ fill'd the air,
And the priest with outspread hands bless'd the people
with a prayer.

But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-
like shine

Gleam'd a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on
mine—

Gleam'd and vanish'd in a moment. Oh, the face was like
to thine,

Ere you perish'd, Barbara!

Oh, that pallid face!

Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!

When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place;

You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on
your wrist,

And a cursed river kill'd thee, aided by a murderous mist.

Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,

When last I saw thee, Barbara!

These dreary years, eleven,

Have you pined within your heaven,

And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was
given?

And have you pass'd unheeded all the fortunes of your race—
Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet
face—

To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling place?

Are you happy, Barbara?

'Mong angels, do you think

Of the precious golden link

I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink?

Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,

Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd through lattice-bars

The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,

Till the morn broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed,
 Wild and far my heart has ranged,
 And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged;
 But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've
 lack'd;

I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact,
 Like a mild consoling rainbow o'er a savage cataract.

Love has saved me, Barbara!

O Love! I am unblest,
 With monstrous doubts opprest
 Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and best.
 Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
 The hunger of my soul were still'd; for Death has told you
 more

Than the melancholy world doth know,—things deeper
 than all lore.

Will you teach me, Barbara?

In vain, in vain, in vain!
 You will never come again:—

There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain,
 The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the
 tree,

Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded
 sea:

There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and
 thee,—

I am weary, Barbara!

FESTUS DESCRIBES HIS FIRST LOVE.

A fine impassioned passage in BAILEY'S *Festus*.

WHAT'S worse than falsehood? to deny
 The God which is within us, and in all,
 Is love? Love hath as many vanities
 As charms: and this, perchance, the chief of both:
 To make our young hearts break upon the first
 And snowlike fall of feeling which overspreads
 The bosom of the youthful maiden's mind,
 More pure and fair than even its outward type.
 If one did thus, was it from vanity?

Or thoughtlessness, or worse? Nay, let it pass.
The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one always loves them—God or man.—
If man abandons, God himself takes them.
And thus it was. She whom I once loved died.
The lightning loathes its cloud—the soul its clay.
Can I forget that hand I took in mine,
Pale as pale violets; that eye, where mind
And matter met alike divine? Oh, no!
Oh! she was fair: her nature once all spring,
And deadly beauty like a maiden sword;
Startlingly beautiful. I see her now!
Whatever thou art, thy soul is in my mind;
Thy shadow hourly lengthens o'er my brain,
And peoples all its pictures with thyself.
Gone, not forgot—pass'd, not lost—thou shalt shine
In heaven like a bright spot in the sun!
She said she wish'd to die, and so she died;
For cloud-like she pour'd out her love, which was
Her life, to freshen this parch'd heart. It was thus:
I said we were to part, but she said nothing.
There was no discord—it was music ceased—
Life's thrilling, bounding, bursting joy. She sate
Like a house-god, her hands fix'd on her knee;
And her dark hair lay loose and long around her,
Through which her wild bright eye flash'd like a flint.
She spake not, moved not, but she look'd the more,
As if her eye were action, speech and feeling.
I felt it all; and came and knelt beside her.
The electric touch solved both our souls together.
Then comes the feeling which unmakes, undoes;
Which tears the sea-like soul up by the roots
And lashes it in scorn against the skies.
Twice did I madly swear to God, hand clench'd,
That not even He nor death should tear her from me.
It is the saddest and the sorest sight,
One's own love weeping; but why call on Go
But that the feeling of the boundless, bounds
All feeling, as the welkin doth the world?
It is this which ones us with the whole and God.
Then first we wept; then closed and clung together!
And my heart shook this building of my breast,
Like a live engine booming up and down.
She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing.

Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,
 Ravell'd and twined together into madness,
 As in that one wild hour ; to which all else,
 'The past is but a picture—that alone
 Is real, and for ever there in front,
 Making a black blank on one side of life
 Like a blind eye. But after that I left her :
 And only saw her once again alive.

EMBLEM FLOWERS.

The following is taken from the *Ulster Times*, to which it was contributed by JOHN LOCKE.

DRESS me a garden, where the brook
 Reflects the stooping thorn,
 Whereon the redbreast sings at eve,
 And timid thrush at morn :
 There let the fragrant Myrtle bloom,
 Inspiring soft desire,
 And that pale, hooded, vestal Bell,
 Veil'd in her green attire.

The ever-changeeful Iris there
 I charge thee not to bring ;
 And plant not the Narcissus nigh
 The margin of the spring :
 As transient pleasure makes one sigh,
 I'll not have Mignonette ;
 The Crown Imperial is proud,
 Geranium a coquette ;

But let me scent the languid bloom
 Of the deep-bosom'd Rose,
 And Cowslip, breathing youthful hope,
 And Poppy, bland repose ;
 And the purple-lipped Pansy,
 That looks all pensiveness,
 And the bashful virgin Sensitive,
 With her shrinking tenderness.

Dark Yew, and Cypress, be afar,
 Life has enough of tears ;
 Yet dearly love I Rosemary,
 Which " buried love endears ; "

And oh ! of all the gems, that deck
 Old Saturn's forehead yet,
 Prithee, dear Jessy, don't forget
 The modest Violet.

The shrubs and other garniture
 Dispose along the green ;
 And let the lithe Acacia fling
 Its graceful wreaths between :
 And rear the Jessamine, my love !
 Upon the ruin'd wall,
 With tiny leaf, and starry flower—
 I love it best of all.

I'll tell thee why I love it best ;
 And thou wilt blush and smile
 At my odd play upon the word
 In such poetic style—
 For sweetness, grace, and elegance,
 'Tis chief in Flora's shrine ;
 And when I gaze upon the flower
 I think on *Jessy mine*.

TO AGE.

These graceful verses are from the pen of WALTER SAVAGE
 LANDOR.

WELCOME, old friend—These many years
 Have we lived door by door :
 The Fates have laid aside their shears,
 Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
 When better boys were taught ;
 But thou at length hast made me sage,
 If I am sage in aught.

Little I knew from other men,
 Too little they from me ;
 But thou hast pointed well the pen
 That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain ;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again.

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage,—
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

The following has been forwarded to us, with many other passages apparently from the same pen, but without any intimation of the authorship. But it well deserves a place here for its intrinsic beauty.

COMMUNION with thy Mother's eyes—
With Nature ? Surely she,
Among her thousand sympathies,
Hath one caress for thee !

Behold in all thy varied moods,
In passion and in grief,
She sets her answering attitudes
Of comfort and relief.

Old shaggy gnarls the lichen frets—
Steep banks of mountain lanes—
Moss-cushion'd arms of rivulets—
The hush of woodland rains—

Faint sighs of rushes in the fens—
Faint lisplings of the tide—
Faint splashes down the gloomy glens
Of waters undescried—

Thin throbbing films of mellow light
Wide-woven in the west,—
And cool star-crystals, which the night
Breeds on her purple breast—

Long bars of creeping clouds, and sheets
Of wild electric flame—
And all the unregarded sweets
That melt in Nature's name,—

Behold, they are not only *fair* ;
Each in its fruitful arm
Hath truths and wisdoms everywhere,
To comfort, and to charm.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOW.

By FREDERICK TENNYSON, the brother of the Laureate, from a volume of poems lately published. -

THE golden-throated merle, and mellow thrush
Chant to us yet ; the woodlark will not fly
His ancient sylvan solitude, or hush
His dewy pipings for a softer sky ;
But the swallow flies away—
I would that I were he :
He follows the flown May
Across the sea.

The swallow hath a fickle heart at best,
He bears off the sweet days he brought us o'er,
And sounds retreat like an ungrateful guest
That shuns the flatter'd host he sued before ;
Should kind Mirth be forgot
When his dark locks are gray,
And Love remember'd not ?
Ah ! stay, ah ! stay !

Know ye of Gladness, that with jocund hearts
Can cast away old loves for love of new ?
O friends, the music of a thousand arts
Charms not so sweetly as a voice that's true :
I sang ye songs of sorrow,
I sang ye songs of glee,
I cried, Await to-morrow ;
Ye heard not me.

Know ye of Sorrow ? can ye understand
Mortality, that hung unto the robe
Of Summer, as she flies from land to land ?
Follow swift Youth around the rolling globe.

Joy's winged heart is light,
But blind are his bright eyes ;
Grief seeth in the night
Of tears and sighs.

The feathers of Time's wings, ere yet they fall,
Ye pluck, and from his plumes ye trim your own ;
Ye answer to the south wind's silver call,
Ah ! whither wend ye, leaving me undone ?
Ah ! stay, dear friends, ah ! stay,
And leave me not forsaken ;
Care takes not the same way
That ye have taken.

In our lorn woods the morn and even song
Will fail, and things of sunshine cease to be ;
Lo ! shrilling Winter leadeth Death along,
I see the tyrant shake his lance at me.
Delight hath fled the earth,
The evil days are come ;
So I will light my hearth,
And sing at home.

Ye seek the blue isles and the happy hills,
Ye rush into the heart of Summer skies,
Ye leave behind ye unremember'd ills,
Ye fly like happy souls to Paradise.
O ! could ye, blissful things,
On my dark, utter day,
Lend me those selfsame wings
To flee away !

JUNE.

A beautiful composition by W. C. BRYANT, the poet of America.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round :
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,

The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it roll'd,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently press'd
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell ;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon .
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent ?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument ?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow ;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their soften'd hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene ;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green ;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

SONNET.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE bright June woods with woodland sounds are ringing,
The cuckoo calls me, fleeing ere I come ;
A thousand insects with life-joyous hum
Disport around ; and through the orchard, singing
Its choral mass, the rich-toned thrush is winging
Its way to corny fields. No thing is dumb
To-day—the very grass breathes loud ; each bloom
Speaks odour as it opes ; and blithely flinging
Spice-scents abroad, pink-blossom'd hawthorn sheds
Rare colours on the daisies at its foot !—
'Midst all this eloquence of Nature, mute
Man's melted spirit should not rest ! Their heads
Flowers raise, to greet the sun ; and Man, too, lifts
His thankful soul to God for all these summer gifts !

Brilliant.

HAIR.

As glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Ludea's girls.

WILLIS.

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue may tell;
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are link'd that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart—
Oh! bitter, bitter! is the smart
Of them that bid "farewell!"

When hope is chidden,
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the heart to dwell;
When, fetter'd by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,—
Oh! death were mercy to the pain,
Of them that bid "farewell!"

BISHOP HEBER.

DEVOTED LOVE.

Oh, if thou wilt it, love,
If thou but speak it with thy natural voice,
And smile upon me,—I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave,
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast.
He will not smile; he will not listen to me.
Why dost thou thrust thy fingers in thy bosom?
Oh search it, search it; see if there remain
One little remnant of thy former love,
To dry my tears with.

BEDDOES.

ADELPHI.

She look'd across my face into the blue,
And watch'd the pleasant lights arise and move
Along its waters, rippling to the shore,
And smiled to see how beautiful the Earth
Did make herself, smoothing and silencing
Her ruffled charms, and rising through her soil'd
Hot robes against the coming of the Night.

ANON.

A CITY FESTIVAL.

There's not a candle lit to-night at home ;
And for the cups,—they'll be less wet with wine
Than is the inmost grain of all this earth
With the now-falling dew. None sit in doors,
Except the babe, and his forgotten grandsire,
And such as, out of life, each side do lie
Against the shutter of the grave or womb.
The rest that build up the great hill of life,
From the crutch-riding boy to his sweet mother,
The deer-eyed girl, and the brown fellow of war,
To the grey head and grandest sire of all
That's half in heaven,—all these are forth to-night ;
And there they throng upon both sides the river,
Which, guessing at its hidden banks, flows on,
A water-stream betwixt two tides of flesh :—
And still the streets pour on.

BEDDOES.

THE STARS.

The Moon, methinks, is but the paramour
Of the bright glorious sun—but coldly shining
With a reflected light, born of his rays.
The stars are holy virgins, calm and fair ;
Each in her own sweet sphere dwelling apart ;
Not great as men count greatness—and yet grand
In their simplicity ; like childhood's brow !
Stars, lovely stars ! perennial flowers of heaven ;
Asking no culture from the hand of time,
Nor drooping 'neath his sickle ; bloom ye on !
Till o'er the night of earth the day-star rise,
And in the effulgence pouring from the beams
Of God's eternity, your soft light pale !

ANON.

ACTION AND THOUGHT.

Alas ! we make
 A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
 But sleep ourselves at the foot : our high resolves
 Look down upon our slumbering acts.

MISS LONDON.

POETS.

Poets are all who love—who feel great truths
 And tell them—and the truth of truths is love.
 There was a time—Oh, I remember well !
 When like a sea-shell with its sea-born strain,
 My soul aye rang with music of the lyre ;
 And my heart shed its love as leaves their dew—
 As honey-dew, and throve on what it shed.

BAILEY.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

He is in love with an ideal,
 A creature of his own imagination,
 A child of air, and echo of his heart ;
 And like a lily on a river floating,
 She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

LONGFELLOW.

TEARS.

Life is like a tear
 Born in the sad depths of a woman's eyes—
 That brims up slowly through them, and then lies
 And rocks as in a cradle, warmly hid
 In the rich brown shadow of her glossy lid :
 And then peeps out beneath it warily,
 Quivering in tremulous uncertainty,
 And rainbow'd like a bubble in the sun
 Upon the twinkling verge—until, with one
 Wild leap and gush of ripe intensity,
 It darts away.

ANON.

On the 1st and 15th of each month, 24 pages, 72 columns,

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OF

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AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Although this sweet poem is doubtless familiar to all our readers, it must not be omitted from a collection such as this. It was written by Lady ANNE BARNARD, who died in 1826.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,

When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack! why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out, woe is me!

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin !
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray, oh ! he is sae kind to me.

FRIENDS.

An eloquent passage from *POLLON's Course of Time*.

NOT unremember'd is the hour when friends
 Met ; friends, but few on earth and therefore dear ;
 Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain ;
 Yet always sought ; so native to the heart,
 So much desired and coveted by all.
 Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
 Was seen beneath the sun ; but nought was seen
 More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
 Than face of faithful friend : fairest when seen
 In darkest day, and many sounds were sweet,
 Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear ;
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend ;
 Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
 Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ;
 My early friends, friends of my evil day ;
 Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
 Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;
 My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
 My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
 Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,
 My oracles ; my wings in high pursuit.
 Oh ! I remember, and will ne'er forget
 Our meeting-spots, our chosen, sacred hours,
 Our burning words, that utter'd all the soul ;
 Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
 Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
 Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
 As birds of social feather, helping each
 His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies
 And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth
 With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
 And talk'd the speech and ate the food of heaven !
 These I remember ; these selectest men,
 And would their names record ; but what avails

My mention of their name; before the Throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs.
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of Time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still:
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT OF THE SLEEPING CHILDREN.

This poem has been forwarded to us by a correspondent who found it in a newspaper. Its author was not known.

If cherubs slumber, such is their repose;
So motionless, so beautiful they lie,
While o'er their forms a soften'd splendour glows,
And round their couch celestial breezes sigh.

And such the rest of Eve in Eden's bower,
Her white brow beaming in the moonlight ray,
Calm she reclined as some night-closing flower,
To rise more radiant at the break of day.

And such our rest in happy childhood ere
Thought like a giant from his rest awoke
To bind the bounding heart, and fasten there
His iron fetters and his heavy yoke.

Thus, as I gazed on that fair-fashion'd child,
Breathing the homage of the heart alone,
In dreams of early blessedness beguiled,
A silent captive at the sleeper's throne;

Young mothers came—confessing with a kiss
The babe the image of their first-born love;
Or wept for one “more beautiful than this”
Gone from its cradle to its rest above.

Blithe children stopp'd their laugh, they would not rouse
The gentle baby from its slumber deep;
While lofty looks and high unbending brows
Long'd for the silence of that dreamless sleep.

STANZAS.

Graceful verses by the Hon. E. SPENCER.

Too late I've stay'd—forgive the crime—
Unheeded flew the hours ;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
Which dazzle as they pass ?

Ah, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings ?

SONG.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons ?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer ;
Maidens' hearts are always soft :
Would that men's were truer !

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing ;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing :
When the brookside, bank, and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking ;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking ;

When through boughs that knit the bower
 Moonlight gleams are stealing;
 Woo her, till the gentle hour
 Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
 Tinge the woody mountain;
 When the dropping foliage lies
 In the weedy fountain;
 Let the scene, that tells how fast
 Youth is passing over,
 Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
 To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
 At the lattice nightly;
 When, within the cheerful hall,
 Blaze the faggots brightly;
 While the wintry tempest round
 Sweeps the landscape hoary,
 Sweeter in her ear shall sound
 Love's delightful story.

LOVE AND LIFE.

By THOMAS WILMOT, who flourished in the 17th century. It has much of the spirit and grace of Tom Moore.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone,
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

The time, that is to come, is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows;
 If I by miracle can be
 This live-long minute true to thee
 'Tis all that heaven allows.

"O MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE HOME!"

A curious poem from *Alton Locke*, by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY
—full of poetry and genius.

O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shine so fair,
Among the stakes in Dee.

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

TEARS.

This beautiful sonnet is by Mrs. E. B. BROWNING.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter, none befel,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.

Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot—
The mother singing: at her marriage bell
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace.
Mourners, who weep! albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope brow-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs. Look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

This original production appeared in America—anonymously—though ascribed to MARY HOWITT.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here, where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming ;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

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Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming ;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

And the bonny babe ! on her
 All your choicest gifts confer.
 Just as much of wit and sense
 As may be hers, without pretence ;
 Just as much of grace and beauty
 As shall not interfere with duty ;
 Just as much of sprightliness
 As shall companion gentleness ;
 Just as much light-hearted cheer
 As may be melted to a tear,
 By a word—a tone—a look—
 Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke.
 As much of frankness, bland and free,
 As may consort with modesty ;
 As much of feeling, as will bear
 Of after life the wear and tear ;
 As much of life—but Fairies ! there
 Ye vanish into thinnest air !
 And with ye, parts the playful vein
 That loved a light and trivial strain.

Befits me better, babe ! for thee ,
 T' invoke Almighty agency ;—
 Almighty love—Almighty power,
 To nurture up the human flower ;
 To cherish it with heavenly dew,
 Sustain with earthly blessings too ;
 And when the ripe, full time shall be,
 Engraft it on Eternity.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

A simple poem, but very touching in its simplicity, by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I NEVER was a favourite—
 My mother never smiled
 On me, with half the tenderness
 That bless'd her fairer child ;
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
 While fondled on her knee ;
 I've turn'd away to hide my tears,—
 There was no kiss for me !

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense :
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence ;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful !
Love watches o'er their birth ;
Oh beauty ! in my nursery
I learn'd to know thy worth ;
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn ;
And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
I never had been born !

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claim'd
A smile or an embrace.
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh ! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect ;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses deck'd ;
I did not covet *them* ; but oft,
When wantonly reprov'd,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too,—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw.
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death ;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night
 I watch'd beside her bed,
 And fearlessly upon my breast
 I pillow'd her poor head.
 She lived !—and loved me for my care !—
 My grief was at an end ;
 I was a lonely being once,
 But now I *have* a friend !

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

'Twas early day—and sunlight stream'd
 Soft through a quiet room,
 That hush'd, but not forsaken seem'd—
 Still, but with nought of gloom :
 For there, secure in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above,
 A father communed with the page
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
 On his gray holy hair,
 And touch'd the book with tenderest light,
 As if its shrine were there ;
 But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far—
 A radiance, all the Spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm benignant eye ;
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of immortality :
 Some heart's deep language, where the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives !
 For, every feature said—" I know
 That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
 Hushing their very breath,
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thought-o'ersweeping death :

Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt ?
Oh ! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt.

THE LOVERS.

A beautiful episode in POLLOCK's *Course of Time*.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand ;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seem'd,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper look'd forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled ;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneel'd to offer up her prayer,—
Her prayer nightly offer'd, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
Of love, before his country's voice had call'd
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave : and hither now repair'd,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone :
“ Her lover's safety and his quick return.”
In holy, humble attitude she kneel'd,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, press'd
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturn'd, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour stream'd,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.

Her voice, scarce utter'd, soft as zephyr sighs
 On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
 Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
 A tear-drop wander'd on her lovely face ;
 It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
 Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,
 On yonder willows by the stream of life.
 On her the moon look'd steadfastly ; the stars,
 That circle nightly round the Eternal Throne,
 Glanced down, well pleased ; and everlasting love
 Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O had her lover seen her thus alone,
 Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him !
 Nor did he not : for oft-times Providence,
 With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
 Of faith surprised. Return'd from long delay,
 With glory crown'd of righteous actions won,
 The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
 The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
 Just when the damsel kneel'd herself to pray.
 Wrapp'd in devotion, pleading with her God,
 She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
 All holy images seem'd too impure
 To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneel'd,
 Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
 Seem'd fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought !
 But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
 That she was flesh and blood, form'd for himself—
 The plighted partner of his future life.
 And as they met, embraced, and sat, embower'd,
 In woody chambers of the starry night,
 Spirits of love about them minister'd,
 And God, approving, bless'd the holy joy !

THE IVY.

One of Mrs. HEMANS's finest compositions.

OH ! how could fancy crown with thee,
 In ancient days, the god of wine,
 And bid thee at the banquet be
 Companion of the vine ?

Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er ;
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee with exulting strains
Around the victor's tent ;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past ;—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast ;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair ;—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
And cities of the dead.
Deserted palaces of kings,—
Arches of triumph long o'erthrown ;—
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry!
And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine,
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air, look down
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd and left no trace.

But thou art there!—thy foliage bright,
 Unchanged, the mountain storm can brave,
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
 That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
 The vivid hues by painting thrown
 Rich o'er the glowing walls,—
 The Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
 In sculptured beauty waving fair ;—
 These perish all—and what remains ?
 Thou, thou alone art there !

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see ;
 The marvels of all ages fled,
 Left to Decay and thee !
 And still let man his fabrics rear,—
 August in beauty, grace, and strength,
 Days pass, thou Ivy, never sere,
 And all is thine at length !

LINES

Presented to my wife, with an emerald ring, on the 2nd May, 1818,
 the fifteenth anniversary of our happy marriage.

By H. I. JOHNS.

MARIA ! fifteen years ago,—
 (Time's ceaseless flight proclaims it so !)
 My plighted faith to thee I gave,
 And vow'd to love thee, till the grave
 Should interpose its stern decree,
 And change our mortal destiny !
 Then, when thy trembling lips confess'd
 The sacred tie that made me bless'd,
 No other gift I ask'd of heaven,
 Nor deem'd another might be given !
 —Did Hope that fairy prospect spread,
 And dazzle only to mislead ?
 The flattering scene did fancy paint,
 Illusive, like the rainbow-tint—

Frail phantom of the summer sky,
That mocks so soon the gazing eye?—
Oh, no! thy Henry's conscious breast
In thee too richly hath been blest;
And every wish his heart could frame,
In *thee*, reality became!
Affection, undiminish'd still
By clouded brow, or wayward will;
The faithful wife's endearing wile,
Home's hallow'd charm—a Woman's smile;
And that still lovelier, holier grace,
That beams upon a Mother's face,—
These, round his path, have shed a light
Mild as the moon of summer's night!
—While thus he pours the heartfelt strain,
To praise thy various worth—and fain
Would twine a deathless wreath for thee—
Oh! might *he* share thy eulogy!
—Vain wish! 'tis WOMAN only knows
The love that still unceasing flows,
Through change of scene, and lapse of days,
And never, but with life, decays!
Yet, gentle partner of my life,
My faithful friend, companion, wife,
If e'er, forgetful of thy sway,
A wandering thought from thee might stray;
My *heart* knew not that thought to share,
For *thou* wert ever present there!
—This day, thy suitor see again!
Say—wilt thou heed his proffer'd strain?
Another token, too—a Ring—
To wed thee o'er again—I bring;
And, were I at this moment free,
Whom could I woo again but *thee*?
Oh! then, by each endearing tie
That wedded life can sanctify;
By days of mutual happiness,
And cares, that seem'd by sharing, less;
By those dear pledges of our love,
In whom our thoughts and feelings move;
A Husband's offering receive—
His ardent vows again believe!
And, oh! may each succeeding year
Remembrance of the past endear;

Nor boding fears of future ill
 The poison of distrust instil :
 But, satisfied whate'er befall
 And calmly reconciled to all,
 Be ours the happier lot to find
 That rarest treasure—peace of mind !
 To contemplate the closing scene—
 Life's awful pause—with eye serene,
 And hope, in fairer realms, to prove
 The bliss of never-ending love !

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Here is a quaint and pretty song from the pen of a gallant officer, Colonel LOVELACE, who lived, and loved, and fought in the 17th century.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind—
 That from the memory
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True—a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield :

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As thou, too, shalt adore—
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

JUPITER.

A clever translation of one of the most spirited of the lyrics of BERANGER, the great song-writer of France. The satire is pungent and daring.

JOVE, waking one day, in benevolent mood

Towards the world that we live in, it so came to pass
 That he put his head out of the window and view'd,

And said : "Does their planet remain as it was ?"

Then, looking down closely, he saw, from afar,

Where turn'd in a corner the lone little star,

"If I know how their business continues to be

Arranged upon earth, the deuce take me," quoth he.

"Ye black men, or white men, ye frozen, or fried—

Ye mortals, whom I have created so small!"—

With an air of paternity Jupiter cried ;

"They pretend that I govern your moveable ball :

But please to remember, 'tis equally true

That, thanks to the Fates, ye have ministers too :

And of these if I do not dismiss two or three

From the gates of this place, the deuce take me," quoth
he !

"Have I given you in vain, to adorn and to bless

Your moments in peace, lovely woman and wine ?

What ! pigmies, and under my beard, to address

As the god of your battles your maker divine !

And dare, in invoking my name, to send forth

The sword and the flambeau to ravage the earth !

If ever one cohort was marshall'd by me,

Or led to the charge, the deuce take me," quoth he !

"Say, what do these dwarfs, sitting gorgeously there,

On seats built so lofty with rivets of gold !

With foreheads anointed, and tyrannous air,

These heads of your ant-hill, the pismires, I'm told,

Declare that I bless both their rights and their race,

And that on your globe they are kings by my grace !

But, if they rule over the land and the sea

By a sanction of mine, the deuce take me," quoth he !

"I feed other dwarfs of a sable costume ;

But the stink of their incense my nostrils disclaim :

They make of existence a pain, and presume

To launch their anathemas forth in my name,

In sermons, consider'd and quoted as fine—

But Hebrew to poor comprehensions like mine.

If I know these fanatics' proceedings, or see

What they drive at at all, the deuce take me," quoth he !

"My children, pray ask me for nought : be content,

The hearts of the good evermore are my choice.

Apprehend not again that a Deluge be sent

While ye love as ye live, and in loving rejoice.

Go, scorn your patricians, your pharisees scout ;—

But adieu ; 'tis reported that spies are about :

If for wretches like these I turn ever a key

In the doors of the skies, the deuce take me," quoth he !



THE PROUDEST LADY.

A pretty playful poem by Mr. T. WESTWOOD, one of our living poets of great promise.

THE queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine ;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of mine.

And oh ! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me ;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg, and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the kalendar—

A lily's almost as tall,
But oh ! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.

It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
To spurn, and scorn, and scout me ;
But ah ! I've a notion it's nought but play,
And that say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me !

When she rides on her nag away,

By park, and road, and river,
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,

Oh ! then she's prouder than ever !

And oh ! what faces, what faces !

What petulant, pert grimaces !

Why the very pony prances and winks,

And tosses his head, and plainly thinks

He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,

A sweeter mood o'ertakes her ;

Oh ! then she's sunny as skies of June,

And all her pride forsakes her.

Oh ! she dances round me so fairly !

Oh ! her laugh rings out so rarely !

Oh ! she coaxes and nestles, and purrs and pries

In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,

And says, " I love you dearly ! "

Oh! the queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.

Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
But ah! I've a notion its nought but play,—
And that say what she will, and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

TO MY COMPANIONS.

By one of the most original poets America has produced—O. W. HOLMES.

MINE ancient Chair! thy wide-embracing arms
Have clasp'd around me even from a boy;
Hadst thou a voice to speak of years gone by,
Thine were a tale of sorrow and of joy,
Of fever'd hopes and ill-foreboding fears,
And smiles unseen, and unrecorded tears.

And thou, my Table! though unwearied time
Hath set his signet on thine alter'd brow,
Still can I see thee in thy spotless prime,
And in my memory thou art living now;
Soon must thou slumber with forgotten things,
The peasant's ashes and the dust of kings.

Thou melancholy Mug! thy sober brown
Hath something pensive in its evening hue,
Not like the things that please the tasteless clown,
With gaudy streaks of orange and of blue;
And I must love thee, for thou art mine own,
Press'd by my lip, and press'd by mine alone.

My broken Mirror! faithless, yet beloved,
Thou who canst smile, and smile alike on all,
Oft do I leave thee, oft again return,
I scorn the siren, but obey the call;
I hate thy falsehood, while I fear thy truth,
But most I love thee, flattering friend of youth.

Primeval Carpet ! every well-worn thread
 Has slowly parted with its virgin dye ;
 I saw thee fade beneath the ceaseless tread,
 Fainter and fainter in mine anxious eye ;
 So flies the colour from the brightest flower,
 And heaven's own rainbow lives but for an hour.

I love you all ! there radiates from our own
 A soul that lives in every shape we see ;
 There is a voice, to other ears unknown,
 Like echoed music answering to its key.
 The dungeon'd captive hath a tale to tell
 Of every insect in his lonely cell ;
 And these poor frailties have a simple tone
 That breathes in accents sweet to me alone.

"TO STRUGGLE WHEN HOPE IS BANISHED."

From an old number of *Fraser's Magazine*.

To struggle, when hope is banish'd ;
 To live, when life's salt is gone ;
 To dwell in a dream that's vanished ;
 To endure and go calmly on ;

To know and to doubt the knowledge ;
 The past to undo in thought ;
 To study in Misery's college
 The woes that can there be taught :

Oh ! what but despair can finish
 A task such as that for man ?
 His strength will each hour diminish
 While press'd by so heavy a ban.

But, no ! the heart steep'd in sorrow
 Still points to a distant goal,
 And whispers, " There comes a morrow,
 With peace to the steadfast soul !"

A peace that is based on duty,
 The will and the power to think,
 Can carry, unscathed in beauty,
 The brave where the feeble sink.

At need, then, is help the highest :
 Where the storm is fiercest, there
 The courage must still be highest,
 To act—to resist—to bear.

WOMAN AND POETRY.

A pretty bit of sentiment is the following, which appeared anonymously in one of the newspapers:—

WHAT to us were this world and its burden of woe,
 But a fetter of clay, that in slavery bound us,
 Were our troubles not soothed by the smiles of the fair,
 And if poetry spread not its magic around us ?

In the hour of our gladness, if Woman be near,
 More smoothly the stream of enjoyment will flow ;
 And where can our grief find a balm like the tear
 From the bright eyes of her who partakes of our woe ?

To the Poet a power of enchantment is given
 Which time cannot limit, space cannot define ;
 Which can lift on its wings the rapt spirit to heaven,
 And make dull mortality almost divine !

Oh ! Woman and Poetry, each is a treasure,
 A mine of delight that enriches life's span ;
 The first is a minist'ring angel of pleasure,
 While the gift of the next makes an angel of man !

MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Mrs. OSGOOD, an American lady, has lately published a volume of poems, some of which are exceedingly beautiful and distinguished for a striking originality in thought and treatment. One of these we select as a very favourable specimen of her powers.

CAN this be May ? Can this be May ?
 We have not found a flower to-day !
 We roam'd the wood—we climb'd the hill—
 We rested by the rushing rill—
 And lest they had forgot the day,
 We told them it was May, dear May !
 We call'd thee sweet, wild blooms by name—
 We shouted, and no answer came !

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What's that upon your cheek, I deem.
 A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild
 And worth all Nature's blooming wealth.
 Not all in vain your search, my child—
 You've found at least the rose of youth.
 The golden buttercup you saw
 That like a smile illumines the way,
 Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
 Fair child! upon that beaming face
 A softer, lovelier smile I trace
 A treasure, as the sunshine brings—
 A glow of love and wild delight.
 Then pine no more for Nature's love—
 Yes! in a heart so young, and true,
 And kind as yours, the answer bring.
 For gentle feelings love are fit to bring
 That blooms through life's most dreary night.
 Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
 And check the weeds that would grow wild.
 And while their stainless wealth is given
 In incense sweet, to earth and heaven.
 No longer will you need to say—
 "Can this be May? Can this be May?"

Brilliant.

THE MOON.

See.

The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.
 Stands by her side—bold, bright, steady light—
 Star of her heart
 (Midnight's light)
 Come look up to the
 out to hide thy waning
 hoe to enlarge thy beams,
 ory night be night
 as thy loneliness

Brilliant.

THE ROOT OF A FOREST TREE.

And natures' jewels, radiant things
 Loved the green sylvan place, the bee
 Tuning to harps its quivering wings,
 With arrowy straightness sought the tree.

Floated the yellow butterfly,
 A wandering dot of sunshine by
 And nestling 'mid its moss,
 The sky-tinged violet's fairy cup
 Its draught of sweetness offered up
 To globes that stole across.

STREET.

APRIL.

April hath come on,
 And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
 Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
 You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
 The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls
 Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
 His beautiful bright neck; and from the hills
 A murmur like the murmur of the sea,
 Tells the release of waters, and the earth
 Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
 Are lifted by the grass—and so I know
 That Nature with her delicate ear hath heard
 The dropping of the velvet foot of spring.

BULWER.

CREATION OF ANGELS.

As yourselves
 Were fashion'd very good at best, so we
 Sprang very beauteous from the creant word
 Which thrill'd around us; God himself being moved
 When that august work of a perfect shape,
 His dignities of sovereign angel-hood
 Swept out into the universe; divine
 With thundrous movements, earnest looks of God's
 And silver solemn clash of cymbal wings.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

A GOOD MAN'S GRAVE.

He that hath found a fledged bird's nest may know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

H. VAUGHAN. 1614.

POWER OF LOVE.

I have done penance for contemning love;
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
 O, love's a mighty lord;
 And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

SHAKSPERE.

SORROW.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
 Eternity mourns that; 'tis an ill cure
 For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turn'd out
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

TAYLOR.

A RECESS.

Where the embowering trees recede, and leave
 A little space of green expanse, the cove
 Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers
 For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,
 Reflected in the crystal calm.

SHELLEY.

DISJOINTED FRIENDSHIP.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain!
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother,
 And parted ne'er to meet again!
 But neither ever found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof—the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heart, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

A DELL.

Through the dell
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
 Their noon-day watch, and sail among the shades
 Like vaporous shapes half seen: beyond, a well,
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
 Images all the woven boughs above,
 And each depending leaf, and every speck
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror lave
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
 Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

SHELLEY.

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2. LEADING ARTICLES on subjects connected with Property and its value; the rights and remedies of Sellers and Buyers; the different kinds of Investments; and such like.
3. INVESTMENT ADVISER.
4. PROPERTY REPORTER; comprising the Money Market; Stocks and Funds; state of the Property Market.
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SELECTED BY

THE EDITORS

OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

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NOTICE.—This work is designed to form a collection of the choicest Poetry in the English Language. Nothing but what is *really good* will be admitted. No *original* poetry will find a place.

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THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY LIFE

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BEAUTIFUL POETRY

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THE EDITORS

Of *Critic, Indian Literary Journal*

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Notice—This is a collection of the divisions
of the poetry of the world, and what is really good
in the poetry of the world.

But her beauty lies
In her women's eyes,
And her strength in her People free !
So, Three cheers for merry England !
For the Queen and the free men of England !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

POETRY.

PERCIVAL, an American poet, has thus beautifully celebrated the presence of poetry in all Nature, and its influence on man's heart. The composition is worthy of the theme.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the season in a choir
For ever charming and for ever new ;
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms ;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand
Skillful and moved with passionate love of art
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,

Commingle with the melody, is borne,
Rapt and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file and metrical array ;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.

'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn ; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath
Commission'd to affright us and destroy.

OLD ENGLAND.

MARY HOWITT is the most truly English of all our poetesses. Her themes are always homely, but she handles them so as to surround with beauty and novelty the most common every-day scenes and occurrences. Who would not have said that such a subject as "Old England," sung as it has been by a thousand poets, was so exhausted that it would be impossible to invest it with any fresh interest. Yet behold what a truly creative genius can do.

OLD England, thou hast green and pastoral hills,
Fann'd by delicious gales,
And living voices of harmonious rills
Sound in thy sylvan vales.

Under the shadow of primeval trees,
'Mid whispering of green leaves,
Stand cheerful groups of white-wall'd cottages,
Flower-mantled to the eaves.

And thou hast loving hearts, both high and low,
And homes where bliss abides,
And little children that rejoicing go
By flowery streamlet sides.

And thou hast many a hill and forest glade
That to the past belong ;
Many a brown moor and crumbling ruin made
Imperishable by song.

And wayside wells, that broad leaves overshadow,
Where pilgrims knelt of old ;
And winding-paths through many a pleasant meadow,
'Mid flowers of blue and gold ;—

Winding through woods where the sweet wilding's blossom
Puts forth in early spring,
And nodding blue-bells clothe the steep hill's bosom,
And fearless blackbirds sing.

And thou hast sabbath-bells in old church towers,
Whose music thrills the air ;
And the sweet calm of sabbath sunset hours,
When every thought is prayer.

And thou hast grassy graves set side by side,
The high-born and the lowly ;
By common griefs, by common death allied,
In ground that tears make holy.

Graves, sabbath worship, village homes, and men,
Old England, these are thine ;
And spots made famous by the sword and pen,
Till each one is a shrine.

And cities of old feudal date and pride,
And halls of dark renown,
Where kings and kingly prelates lived and died ;
And many a modern town.

O glory-crowned England, thou hast these,
Hast these, and still hast more,—
The empire of the tributary seas,
That lave thine island shore.

And wherefore is the tributary sea
As a liege subject given ?—
To bear forth knowledge, truth, and liberty
To each land under heaven ;—

To knit thee to all people ; everywhere
To make thy knowledge known ;
To make thine influence, like God's common air,
Extend from zone to zone !

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Professor LONGFELLOW, an eminent citizen of the United States, is the author of the following singular but poetical poem.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by his beard,
Sorely—sorely !

The leaves are falling—falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing ; pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray !

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather
The foolish fond Old Year,
Crown'd with flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man grey;
Loveth her ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead!
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on;
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydone,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
 There shall be a darker day ;
 And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
 Like red leaves be swept away !
 Kyrie Eleyson !
 Christie Eleyson !

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT REST.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

By a mountain stream at rest
 We found the warrior lying,
 And around his noble breast
 A banner clasp'd in dying ;
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
 To a lonely bed we bore him ;
 'Twas a green, still, solemn place,
 Where the mountain heath waves o'er him.
 Woods alone
 Seem'd to moan,
 Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay,
 Our sad thoughts oft are flying
 To those dark hills far away,
 Where in death we found him lying,
 On his breast
 A banner press'd,
 And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

A LYRIC.

Very gay and joyous: found in BAILEY's *Festus*.

HERE—wear this wreath ! no ruder crown
 Should deck that dazzling brow.
 I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;
 I crown thee queen of me :

And oh ! but I am a happy land,
 And a loyal land to thee.
 I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;
 Thou art queen in thine own right !
 Feel ! my heart is as full as a town of joy ;
 Look ! I have crowd'd mine eyes with light.
 Thou art queen by right divine !
 And thy love shall set neither night nor day
 O'er this subject heart of mine.
 I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;
 Thou art queen by the right of the strong !
 And thou did'st but win where thou might'st have slain,
 Or have bounden in thralldom long.
 I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;
 Queen of the brave and free ;
 For I'm brave to all beauty but thine, my love,
 And free to all beauty by thee.

A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

By R. MONCKTON MILNES.

It was a holy usage to record
 Upon each refectory's side or end
 The last mysterious supper of our Lord,
 That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent palace of old Spain,
 Rich with the gifts and monuments of kings,
 Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
 The sov'ran glory of those wondrous things.

A painter of far fame, in deep delight,
 Dwelt on each beauty he so well discern'd,
 While, in low tones, a grey Geronomite
 This answer to his ecstasy return'd.

"Stranger ! I have received my daily meal
 In this good company, now three score years,
 And thou, whoe'er thou art, canst hardly feel
 How time these lifeless images endears.

"Lifeless,—ah ! no : while in mine heart are stored
 Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
 Familiar places vacant round *our* board,
 And still *that* silent supper lasting on.

"While I review my youth,—what I was then,—
 What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all,
 It seems as if *these* were the living men,
 And *we* the colour'd shadows on the wall."

THE HARE.

One of SHAKSPERE'S marvellous descriptions.

THE purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
 How he out-runs the wind, and with that care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits through the which he goes,
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
 And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt ;
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off, upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs, with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And, being low, never relieved by any.

VENUS WELCOMED BY THE SEASONS TO THE SHORES OF CYPRUS.

We now lay before our readers a very extraordinary poem extracted from the *Dublin University Magazine*. It is one of a series which have been contributed to that periodical by Miss M. A. BROWN, under the original and happy title of *Sketches from the Antique*. The poetess has caught the very spirit of the classical ages, and in the following has drawn a most beautiful picture of a most charming dream in the mythology of the ancients. Few would suppose that this poem was the production of a female pen; it would certainly confer honour on any poet, living or dead, as all our readers will agree when they have perused it with the attention it deserves.

It is the sunset hour, and the far-off waves are roll'd,
Glowing beneath the western sky, a flood of quivering gold,
And gazing on that radiant scene there stands a group of
four

Sisters, although they seldom meet upon the Cyprian shore.
But they look not for the setting sun, though glorious be
the sight,

They watch not for the first faint star, the herald of thenight;
They wait not for a distant bark, a richly laden prize,
Nor for a warrior fleet to bring the news of victories;
Yet o'er the glittering watery waste they strain the lengthen'd
gaze,

While on the eastern hills behind falls evening's purple haze.

Fair are the sisters—yet unlike—the youngest stands the
first,

Her yellow tresses wreath'd with flowers in wood and dingle
nursed;

And the hand that shades her wild blue eye is delicate and
small,

And the voice that questions and replies is gay and musical;
Taller and fuller is the form of the maiden by her side,
And her eyes have that deep azure to the noonday heavens
allied:

And her chestnut hair is braided up with roses full and red,
And o'er her smooth rich dimpled cheek richly the blushes
spread;

And her voice is deeper, yet as soft—less merry, but as sweet
As her's who hath the glistening eyes and lightly flying
feet.

The third hath matron beauty in her broad and open brow,
Her eyes are calm and full of thought, her voice distinct but
low ;

Her head is crown'd with vine leaves wreath'd with ears of
ripening corn,

And fill'd with grapes, and nuts, and wheat, she holds a
golden horn :

Beyond her stands the eldest, with a forehead high and pale,
Her tresses gather'd up and hid beneath a snowy veil ;

But her voice is clear and cheerful, and her smile is glad
and bright,

And her dark eyes sparkle like the stars upon a frosty night :
Who are the watchers, and for whom wait they together
there ?

These are the Seasons, and they wait the Queen of all things
fair.

Long hath she linger'd, but at length, upon the darkening
waste

Surely a tiny moving skiff may distantly be traced ;

Or is it but an ocean bird a moment floating there,

Or a larger wave just curling up to melt into the air ?

No, nearer still it glideth on the billows' gentle swell,

A bark, a native of the seas, a curving silvery shell :

It bears one shadowy form alone, she standeth by the prow,

Her graceful outline clearly seen crossing the sunset's glow ;

And now she nears the shore and lifts her head in wondering
maze,

While her peerless beauty bids the four in silent rapture
gaze.

Her form, how light, how graceful, yet how rounded in its
mould !

And the sparkling spray hangs 'midst her hair, like diamonds
dropp'd in gold ;

And for her face ! ah, who may speak its perfect loveliness !

Clad in that living light of love no image may express :

No poet may transfuse such light into his sweetest lay,

No painter give it permanence amidst his work to stay :

'Tis Venus whom the Seasons haste with welcome warm to
greet,

And marvel their own separate charms combined in her to
meet :

For her smile hath all the light of spring, her cheek the
summer's rose,
Her form hath autumn's mellow'd grace, her bosom winter's
snows !

LOVE.

A passage in BAILEY's *Festus*.

I WISH we had a little world to ourselves,
With none but we two in it.

Festus. And if God
Gave us a star, what could we do with it
But what we could without it ? Wish it not !

Clara. I'll not wish then for stars : but I could love
Some peaceful spot where we might dwell unknown,
Where home-born joys might nestle round our hearts
As swallows round our roofs, and blend their sweets
Like dewy-tangled flow'rets in one bed.

Festus. The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love ;
'The taint of earth, the odour of the skies
Is in it. Would that I were aught but man !
The death of brutes, the immortality
Of fiend or angel better seems than all
The doubtful prospects of our painted dust.
And all morality can teach is—bear !
And all religion can inspire is—hope !

BIRDS.

One of the Poems of SHAKESPEARE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn

And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by :

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shewn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
None take pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such like flattering,
" Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need,

If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

A graceful Sonnet by LEIGH HUNT.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire ; and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
 Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both were sent on earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —
 In doors and out, summer and winter, — *mirth*.

HYMN TO AIR

From Putnam's *Monthly Magazine*. We suspect it to be from the pen of BRYANT, who is one of the contributors. It is certainly in his manner and worthy of his genius.

THE mightiest thou among the powers of earth,
 The viewless agent of the unseen God,
 What immemorial era saw thy birth ?
 What pathless fields of new creation trod
 Thy noiseless feet ? Where was thy dwelling-place
 In the blind realm of chaos, ere the word
 Of sovereign order by the stars was heard,
 Or the young planet knew her Maker's face ?
 No wrecks are hid in thine unfathom'd sea ;
 Thy crystal tablets no inscription bear ;
 The awful Infinite is shrined in thee,
 Immeasurable Air !

Thou art the soul wherein the earth renews
The nobler life that heals her primal scars ;
Thine is the mantle of all-glorious hues,
Which makes her beautiful among the stars ;
Thine is the essence that informs her frame
With manifold existence, thine the wing
From gulfs of outer darkness sheltering,
And from the Sun's uplifted sword of flame.
She sleeps in thy protection, lives in thee ;
Thou makest the foreheads of her mountains smile ;
His heart to thine, the all-surrounding sea
Spreads thy blue drapery o'er his cradled isle.
Thou art the breath of Nature and the tongue
Unto her dumb material being granted,
And by thy voice her sorrowing psalms are chanted—
Her hymns of triumph sung!

Thine azure fountains nourish all that lives :
Forever drain'd, yet ever brimming o'er,
Their billows in eternal freshness pour,
And from her choicest treasury Nature gives
A glad repayment of the debt she owes,
Replenishing thy sources :—balmy dews,
That on thy breast their summer tears diffuse ;
Strength from the pine, and sweetness from the rose ;
The spice of gorgeous Ind, the scents that fill
Ambrosial forests in the isles of palm ;
Leagues of perennial bloom on every hill ;
Lily and lotus in the waters calm ;
And where the torrent leaps to take thy wing,
But dashes out its life in diamond spray,
Or multitudinous waves of ocean fling
Their briny strength along thy rapid way—
Escapes some virtue, which from thee they hold :
And even the grosser exhalations, fed
From earth's decay, Time's crowded charnel-bed,
Fused in thy vast alembic, turn to gold.

Man is thy nursling, universal Air !
No kinder parent fosters him, than thou :
How soft thy fingers dally with his hair !
How sweet their pressure on his fever'd brow !

In the dark lanes where squalid misery dwells,
 Where the fresh glories of existence shun
 The childhood nurtured in the city's hells,
 And eyes that never saw the morning sun,
 Pale cheeks for thee are pining, heavy sighs
 Drawn from the depth of weary hearts arise—
 'The flower of life is wither'd on its stem
 And the black shade the loathsome walls enclose,
 Day after day more dear and stifling grows,
 Till heaven itself seems forfeited to them!
 What marvel, then, as from a fever'd dream
 The dying wakes, to feel his forehead fann'd
 By thy celestial freshness, he should deem
 The death-sweat dried beneath an angel's hand?
 That tokens of the violet-sprinkled sod,
 Breathed like a blessing o'er his closing eyes,
 Should promise him the peace of Paradise—
 The pardon of his God!

What is the scenery of earth to thine?
 Here, all is fix'd in everlasting shapes,
 But where the realms of gorgeous Cloudland shine,
 There stretch afar thy sun-illumined capes,
 Embaying reaches of the amber seas
 Of sunset, on whose tranquil bosom lie
 The happy islands of the upper sky,
 The halcyon shores of thine Atlantides.
 Anon the airy headlands change, and drift
 Into sublimer forms, that slowly heave
 Their toppling masses up the front of eve,
 Crag heap'd on crag, with many a fiery rift,
 And hoary summits, throned beyond the reach
 Of Alp or Caucasus: again they change,
 And down the vast, interminable range
 Of towers and palaces, transcending each
 The workmanship of Fable-Land, we see
 The "crystal hyaline" of heaven's own floor—
 The radiance of the far Eternity
 Reflected on thy shore!

To the pure calm of thy cerulean deeps
 The jar of earth-born tumult cannot climb;
 There ancient silence her dominion keeps,
 Beyond the narrow boundaries of Time.

The taint of sin, the vapours of the world,
 The smokes of godless altars, hang below,
 Staining thy marge, but not a cloud is curl'd
 Where those supernal tides of ether flow.
 What vistas ope from those serener plains !
 What dawning splendours touch thine azure towers !
 When some fair soul, whose path on earth was ours,
 The starry freedom of its wing regains,
 Shall it not linger for a moment there,
 One last divine regret to earth returning,—
 One look, where Light ineffable is burning
 In heaven's immortal air !

Thine are the treasures of hail and snow ;
 Thy hand lets fall the Thunder's bolt of fire,
 And when from out thy seething caldrons blow
 The vapours of the whirlwind, spire on spire
 In terrible convolution wreath'd and blent,
 The unimagin'd strength that lay conceal'd
 Within thy quiet bosom, is reveal'd
 To the rack'd earth and trembling firmament.
 And thou dost hold, awaiting God's decree,
 The keys of all destruction :—in that hour,
 When the Almighty Wrath shall loose thy power,
 Before thy breath shall disappear the sea,
 To ashes turn the mountain's mighty frame,
 And as the seven-fold fervors wider roll,
 Thou, self-consuming, shrivel as a scroll,
 And wrap the world in one wide pall of flame !

A QUIET POOL.

One of the many beautiful passages in KEATS's *Endymion*.

HEARKEN, sweet Peona !

Beyond the matron-people of Latona,
 Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
 Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
 Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
 And meet so nearly, that with wings outtaught,
 And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
 Past them, but he must brush on every side.
 Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell,

Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
 Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
 Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
 Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
 Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
 Edges them round, and they have golden pits :
 'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
 In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
 When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
 And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
 I'd bubble up the water through a reed ;
 So reaching back to boyhood : make me ships
 Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
 With leaves stuck in them ; and the Neptune be
 Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
 When lovelorn hours had left me less a child,
 I sat contemplating the figures wild
 Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.

POOR ANDREW.

A singular poem by EBENEZER ELLIOTT, "the Corn-Law-Rhymer," as he was called. It is the complaint of a heart breaking for want of human sympathy, and taking hold, in the yearnings of its tender nature, upon household pets when there are no home companions.

THE loving poor!--So envy calls
 The ever-toiling poor ;
 But oh ; I choke, my heart grows faint,
 When I approach my door !
 Behind it there are living things
 Whose silent frontlets say,
 They'd rather see me out than in—
 Feet-foremost borne away !
 My heart grows sick when home I come—
 May God the thought forgive !
 If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
 I think I could not live.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
 Run out to welcome me—
 She mewing, with her tail on end,
 While wagging his comes he.

They listen for my homeward steps,
My smother'd sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
Than scorn'd, and loathed, a king,
But man should live while for him lives
The meanest loving thing.
Thou busy bee! how canst thou choose
So far and wide to roam?
Oh blessed bee! thy glad wings say
Thou hast a happy home!
But I, when I come home—oh God!
Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

Why come they not? they do not come
My breaking heart to meet!
A heavier darkness on me falls—
I cannot lift my feet.
Oh yes, they come!—they never fail
To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God?
Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone;
My home is comfort's grave;
My playful cat and honest dog
Are all the friends I have;
And yet my house is fill'd with friends—
But foes they seem, and are.
What makes them hostile? **IGNORANCE;**
Then let me not despair.

But oh ! I sigh when home I come—
 May God the thought forgive !
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

THE STATUE OF A FUNERAL GENIUS.

Now let Mrs. HEMANS sing to us a solemn strain—a low rich melody that fills the ear and the heart like the peal of an organ uttering the conceptions of genius. Very beautiful are these lines.

Thou should'st be look'd on when the starlight falls
 Through the blue stillness of the summer air ;
 Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls,
 It hath too fitful and too wild a glare ;
 And thou !—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
 To ask light steps, that will not break in dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow ; for so the Dead
 Were crown'd of old ; with pale spring flowers like these :
 Sleep on thine eye hath sunk ; yet softly shed,
 As from the wing of some faint southern breeze ;
 And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom,
 Which from the grove seems gather'd, not the tomb.

They fear'd not death, whose calm and gracious thought
 Of the last hour hath settled thus in thee !
 They, who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
 And laid thy head against the forest tree,
 As that of one, by music's dreamy close,
 On the wood-violets lull'd to deep repose.

They fear'd not death ! yet, who shall say his touch
 Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair ?
 Doth he bestow, or can he leave so much
 Of shaded beauty as thy features wear ?
 Thou sleeper of the bower ! on whose young eyes
 So soft a night, a night of summer, lies !

Had they seen aught like thee ?—did some fair boy,
 Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest ?
 His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
 But drooping, as with heavy dew oppress'd ?
 And his eye veil'd so softly by its fringe,
 And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge ?

Oh ! happy, if to them the one dread hour
 Had given its lessons from a brow like thine !
 If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power
 Came by a look, thus tranquilly divine !
 Let him, who thus hath seen young life depart,
 Hold well that image to that youthful heart !

But thou, fair slumberer ! was there less of woe,
 Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
 That men pour'd out their gladdening spirit's flow,
 Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold ?
 And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king,
 Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting ?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
 Far more than we—for loftier hopes are ours :
Their gems were lost in ashes ; yet they made
 The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
 With purple wreaths and fragrant boughs array'd,
 And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for us a deeper gloom to shed
 O'er its dim precincts ? Do we not intrust
 But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
 And strew immortal seed upon the dust ?
 Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
 When living light hath touch'd the brow of death ?

FIRST LOVE.

A passage from BYRON'S *Don Juan*.

'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellow'd o'er the waters sweep ;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;

'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentlemen of seventy years complete,
Who 've made "us youth" wait too—too long already,
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

THE KEEPSAKE.

One of COLERIDGE's delicate and playful outpourings of a refined fancy will please every lover of elegant composition.

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Shew summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed flowret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not!
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has worked, the flowers which most she knew I loved,
And more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she own'd her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd
The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name
Between the moss-rose and forget-me-not,—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!
That forced to wonder till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep),
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring return'd,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

MAY.

LEIGH HUNT, whose writings are remarkable for an extreme delicacy of fancy, although somewhat deformed by a quaintness savouring of affectation, is the author of the following poem, suggested by the season, which shows in a striking manner both his excellences and his defects.

MAY ! thou month of rosy beauty !
 Month when pleasure is a duty ;
 Month of maids that milk the kine—
 Bosom rich and breath divine :
 Month of bees, and month of flowers ;
 Month of blossom-laden bowers ;
 Month of little hands with daisies,
 Lover's love, and poet's praises ;
 Oh, thou merry month complete—
 May !—that very *name* is sweet !

May was *maid* in olden times,
 And is still in Scottish rhymes :
 May's the blooming hawthorn bough ;
 May's the month that's laughing now.
 I no sooner write the word,
 Than it seems as though it heard,
 And looks up and laughs at me,
 Like a sweet face, rosily ;
 Like an actual colour bright,
 Flushing from the paper's white ;
 Like a bride that knows her power,
 Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
 Come to keep the winter long,
 And deny us thy sweet looks,
 I can love thee, sweet ! in books—
 Love thee in the poets' pages,
 Where they keep thee green for ages ;
 Love and read thee, as a lover
 Reads his lady's letter over.
 Breathing blessings on the art
 Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever ;
 May will part from Spenser never ;
 May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer ;

May's in all the Italian books ;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still ;
But come, rather thou, good weather !
And find us in the fields together.

HOLIDAY.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

OH blessed ! when some holiday
Brings townsmen to the moor,
And in the sunbeams brighten up
The sad looks of the poor.
The bee puts on his richest gold,
As if that worker knew
How hardly (and for little) they
Their sunless task pursue.
But from their souls the sense of wrong
On dove-like pinion flies ;
And, throned o'er all, forgiveness sees
His image in their eyes.
Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
On marjoram and thyme,
And through his grated fingers sees
The falcon's flight sublime ;
Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
Grows darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
O'er miles of mountains bright.
The little lovely maiden-hair
Turns up its happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart,
"Thou'rt welcome to this place."
The infant river leapeth free
Amid the bracken tall,
And cries "FOR EVER there is ONE
Who reigneth over all ;

And unto Him, as unto me,
 Thou'rt welcome to partake
 His gift of light, His gift of air,
 O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
 Our father loves us, want-worn man !
 And know thou this from me,
 The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
 May wake to envy thee.
 Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
 As thy worn features tell ;
 But Wealth is arm'd with fortitude,
 And bears thy sufferings well."

Brilliant.

HOPES.

Alas ! the idols which our hopes set up,
 They are Chaldean ones, half gold, half clay.
MISS LONDON.

GENIUS.

Who make their very body like their souls,
 And like the young moon with a ragged edge ;
 Still in their imperfection, beautiful—
 Whose weaknesses are lovely as their strengths
 Like the white nebulous matter between stars,
 Which if not light at least is likest light.

BAILEY.

DEATH.

But when heaven remained
 Utterly black, the murky shades involved
 An image, silent, cold, and motionless,
 As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.
 Even as a vapour fed with golden beams
 That minister'd on sunlight, ere the west
 Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—
 No sense, no motion, no divinity—
 A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
 The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream
 Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream
 Of youth, which night and time have quench'd for ever
 Still, dark, and dry, and unremember'd now.

SHELLEY.

SWIMMING.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swollen that met him ; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd
 As stooping to relieve him.

SHAKSPERE.

THE SNOW-DROP.

The snow-drop is the herald of the flowers
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguered brethren ;—suppliantly
 It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
 Of winds and blustering storms ; and *having won*
A smile of promise from its pitying face
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
 To the expectant host.

WESTWOOD.

RURAL MUSINGS.

Margaret. What sports do you use in the forest ? -

Simon. Not many ; some few, as thus :—
 To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
 Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes
 Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him
 With all his fires and travelling glories round him ;
 Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
 Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
 And all the winking stars, her handmaids keep
 Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep ;
 Sometimes out-stretch'd in very idleness,
 Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
 So view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
 Go eddying round ; and small birds, how they fare,
 When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
 Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn ;
 And how the woods berries and worms provide
 Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
 To answer their small wants.

CHARLES LAMB.

INGENUOUSNESS.

He was not born to shame !
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;
 For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

SHAKSPERE.

LOVE MORTAL.

Oft on the sands, in idle summer days
 Will childlike fondness write some cherish'd name
 Lull'd on the margin while the wavelet plays,
 And tides steal dreaming on. Alas ! the same
 On human hearts, Affection prints a trace,
 The sands record it, and the tides efface.
 If absence parts, Hope, ready to console,
 Whispers, " Be soothed, the absent shall return ;"
 If Death divides a moment from the goal,
 Love stays the step, and decks, but leaves the urn,
 Vowing remembrance ; let the year be o'er
 And see, remembrance smiles like joy once more.

BULWER.

A DEAD POET.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb
 No human hands with pious reverence rear'd,
 But the charm'd eddies of autumnal winds
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness :
 A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden deck'd
 With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep :
 Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn bard
 Breath'd o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :
 He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
 And virgins, as unknown he pass'd, have sigh'd
 And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
 The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
 And silence, too enamour'd of that voice,
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

SHELLEY.



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MY LAND.

A spirited poem by THOMAS DAVIS, an Irish poet, from whose posthumous works we have already made some selections.

SHE is a rich and rare land ;
Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than her's are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver ;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land ;
No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
Oh ! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine !

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land ;
Oh, she's a true and rare land ;
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

BEAVER BROOK.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the most promising of the young poets of America.

HUSH'd with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brings full the valley's cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir,
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door swings open wide ;
The whiten'd miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark, inside.

No mountain torrent's strength is here ;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering mill-stones hum a whirl,
Nor how for every turn, are toss'd
Armfuls of diamond and of pearls.

But summer clear'd my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how beauty underlies
For evermore each form of use.

And more : methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick, here and there, with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the world
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins be hurled,
And labour meet delight half-way.

LOVE.

A passage from Lord BYRON.

YET Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'Twas but a doubt ; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while
For that compression in its burning core ;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays
Even by its darkness ; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy ;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left ;
All these are little preludes to possession,
Of which young passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly love is
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

STANZAS.

By C. P. CRANCH, a name quite new to us, but nevertheless well worthy of preservation here.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech ;
Feeling deeper than all thought ;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils :
Man by man was never seen :
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known :
Mind with mind did never meet :
We are columns left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scatter'd lie :
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer-stream ?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scatter'd stars of thought ;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,—

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth :—

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorb'd again,
Melting, flowing into one.

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Beautiful Poetry.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

By GRAY, well known to every reader as the author of the famous *Elegy*.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-occupies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease, reclined in rustic state),
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye,
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike, the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours dress'd :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply :
 "Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown :
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May."

SLEEP.

A passage from *Endymion*, by KEATS.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
 Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
 On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
 Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves,
 When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
 And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
 Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest :
 But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
 Peona's busy hand against his lips,
 And still, a-sleeping, held her finger-tips
 In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
 A patient watch over the stream that creeps
 Windingly by it, so the quiet made
 Held her in peace : so that a whispering blade

Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth ! O unconfined
Restraint ! imprison'd liberty ! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes full of tumbling waves
And moonlight ; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment !—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives ?

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

By W. C. BRYANT.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared to the soft summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between ;
And rivers glimmer'd on their way,
By forests faintly seen ;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below, and bees around.

He listen'd, till he seem'd to hear
A strain so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou, faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He look'd, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapours of the air
Had gather'd into shapes so fair.

Groves freshen'd as he look'd, and flowers
Show'd bright on rocky bank,
And fountains well'd beneath the bowers
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams, he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived and walk'd again,
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died :

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting-place,
And stretch'd her hand and call'd his name,
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward, with fix'd and eager eyes,
The hunter lean'd, in act to rise :

Forward, he lean'd, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall :
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
An instant in his fall ;
A frightful instant—and no more,—
The dream and life at once were o'er.

THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

Mrs. HEMANS, though too often indulging in the gorgeous, has many specimens of the sweet and simple. Such an one is this.

The Indians of Bengal, and of the coast of Malabar, bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral.—See *Paul and Virginia*.

Go forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air:
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath pass'd away!
It hath pass'd away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky:
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng—
She hath left her dwelling lone!

 FILIAL LOVE.

A fine passage from POPE.

BORN to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise ;
 Healthy by temperance and by exercise ;
 His life though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
 O friend, may each domestic joy be thine !
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine ;
 Me let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a-while one parent from the sky !

THE LANDMAN'S SONG.

PROCTER, alias BARRY CORNWALL, one of the best of English lyrical poets, to whose volumes we have often referred for contributions to these selections, now offers to our readers a glorious, spirit-stirring song, music in words, on a theme perfectly novel ; and mark how genius can mould the most unpromising one !

OH ! who would be bound to the barren sea,
 If he could dwell on land,—
 Where his step is ever both firm and free,
 Where flowers arise,
 Like sweet girls' eyes,
 And rivulets sing
 Like birds in spring ?—
 For me,—I will take my stand
 On land, on land !
 For ever and ever on solid land !
 I've sail'd on the riotous roaring sea,
 With an undaunted band :
 Yet my village home more pleaseth me,
 With its valley gay
 Where maidens stray,
 And its grassy mead
 Where the white flocks feed ;—
 And so,—I will take my stand
 On land, on land !
 For ever and ever on solid land !

Some swear they could die on the salt salt sea!
 (But have they been loved on land?)
 Some rave of the ocean in drunken glee,—
 Of the music born
 On a gusty morn,
 When the tempest is waking,
 And billows are breaking,
 And lightning flashing,
 And the thick rain dashing,
 And the winds and the thunders
 Shout forth the sea wonders!
 —Such things may give joy
 To a dreaming boy;—
 But for *me*,—I will take my stand
 On land, on land!
 For ever and ever on solid land!

WHO ARE THE FREE?

A spirited poem by J. C. PRINCE, a poet sprung from the people.

Who are the free?

They who have scorn'd the tyrant and his rod,
 And bow'd in worship unto none but God;
 They who have made the conqueror's glory dim—
 Unchain'd in soul, though manacled in limb—
 Unwarp'd by prejudice—unawed by wrong,
 Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong:
 They who could change not with the changing hour,
 The self-same men in peril and in power;
 True to the law of right, as warmly prone
 To grant another's as maintain their own;
 Foes of oppression wheresoe'er it be:—

These are the proudly free!

Who are the great?

Those who have boldly ventured to explore
 Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before—
 Soar'd on the wings of science, wide and far,
 Measured the sun, and weigh'd each distant star—
 Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
 And brought uncounted wonders into birth—
 Repell'd the pestilence, restrain'd the storm,
 And given new beauty to the human form—

TO CASTARA,

INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

By HABINGTON, one of our elder poets.

WHY doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to the magnetic stone?
How know you that the orbs do move?
With music too—since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy virtues, each a star,
Which in thy soul's bright sphere do shine,
Shooting thy beauties from afar,
To make each gazer's heart like thine;
Our virtues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face. I cannot spy;
When poets weep some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath;
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is 't thy birth. For I was ne'er
So vain as in that to delight:
Which, balance it, no weight doth bear,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But only fills the vulgar ear.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebb from the good, to the impious flow,
And so in flattery betray
That, raising, they but overflow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuel enough t' enflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot, without reason's guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

ISABEL.

A passage in a poem by KEATS, entitled *Isabella*.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel !
 Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye !
 They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
 Without some stir of heart, some melody ;
 They could not sit at meals but feel how well
 It soothed each to be the other by ;
 They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,
 But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
 With every eve deeper and tenderer still ;
 He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
 But her full shape would all his seeing fill ;
 And his continual voice was pleasanter
 To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill ;
 Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
 She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
 Before the door had given her to his eyes ;
 And from her chamber-window he would catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies ;
 And constant as her vespers would he watch,
 Because her face was turn'd to the same skies ;
 And with sick longing all the night outwear,
 To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

 FLOWERS.

Extracted from EBENEZER ELLIOTT'S *Spirits and Men*, a poem.

FLOWERS, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
 Haunts of my early days, and still loved well :
 Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley's dell ?
 And where the sun, o'er purple moorlands wide,
 Gilds Wharnccliffe's oaks, while Don is dark below ?
 And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side ?
 And where Time spares the age of Conisbro' ?
 Sweet flowers, remember'd well ! your hues, your breath,
 Call up the dead to combat still with death :

The spirits of my buried years arise!
Again a child, where childhood roved, I run;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue eyes,
Like happy children, cluster in the sun.
Still the wan primrose hath a golden core;
The milfoil, thousand-leaf'd, as heretofore,
Displays a little world of flowerets gay;
And tiny maids might hither come to cull
The wo-mark'd cowslip of the dewy May;
And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.
I do not dream. Is it indeed a rose
That yonder in the deepening sunset glows?
Methinks the orchis of the fountain'd wold
Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new.
Do I not know thy lofty disc of gold,
Thou, that still woo'st the sun with passion true?
No, splendid stranger! haply, I have seen
One not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,
Watching her lord. Oh lily, fair as aught
Beneath the sky! thy pallid petals glow
In evening's blush; but evening borrows nought
Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—
For thou art scentless. Lo! this finger'd flower,
That round the cottage window weaves a bower,
Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
Enamour'd of the thatch it grows upon,
Might be the house-leek of rude Hallamshire,
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.
Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends
Its head on leaves with liquid diamonds set,
A heavenly fragrance in its sighing sends;
And though 'tis not our downcast violet,
Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell
That 'tis beloved by village maids as well.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

By LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed;
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walk'd to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they ;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Pour'd in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turn'd o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seem'd not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he utter'd,
 Yet it seem'd not so to me ;
 For in my heart I pray'd with him,
 And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;
 Thou art no longer here :
 Part of the sunshine of the scene
 With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
 Like pine-trees dark and high,
 Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
 A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
 As when the sun, conceal'd
 Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
 Shines on a distant field.

THE SHIPWRECK.

This, one of the finest poetical narratives in our language is taken from BYRON'S *Don Juan*. Some stanzas, that destroy the effect by their ill-timed levity, have been omitted.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling sea—
 A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
 If any laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have quaff'd
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—
 Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use :
There was no light in heaven but a few stars ;
The-boats put off o'er-crowded with their crews ;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew ;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew,
There was slight chance of reaching any shore ;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas ;
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze :
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd,

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast ;
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast ;
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale : to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done :
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;
They did their best to modify their case—
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch : thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

'T is very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it : this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

'T is thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear :
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there ;
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew ;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And, lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

The consequence was easily foreseen—

They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances ; and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !
And carry them to shore :—these hopes were fine ;
But, as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,

And ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)

What could they do ? and hunger's rage grew wild :
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses ; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound ;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found :
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes ;
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose ;
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
But of materials that must shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution ;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust. Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth ;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

It pour'd down torrents ; but they were no richer,
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out ; and, though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

And their baked lips with many a bloody crack
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd ;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven—if this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early ; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, " Heaven's will be done !
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan !

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long ; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast ;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun ;
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes.
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about ;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said " No !"
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 't was not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore ;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;
While a few pray'd (the first time for some years) ;
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind :
They thought that, in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been toss'd,
So changeable had been the winds that blew ;
Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the highlands
Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other islands.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like *Charon's* bark of spectres, dull and pale :
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things, a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one,
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few—
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down *Pedrillo* with salt water.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect, here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen.
From glistening waves and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves ; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray ;
But, finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;
And, having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account :
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever—
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry :
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived, but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd
Within his grasp ; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat as he thereto was lash'd ;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea :

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
 Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
 From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
 Should suck him back to her insatiate grave ;
 And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
 Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
 With just enough of life to feel its pain,
 And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
 But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
 And quivering hand : and then he look'd for those
 Who long had been his mates upon the sea ;
 But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
 Save one, a corpse, from out the famish'd three,
 Who died two days before, and now had found
 An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
 And down he sunk ; and as he sunk, the sand
 Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd :
 He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
 Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury mast),
 And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
 His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
 As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

ENCHANTED MUSIC.

From SPENSER's *Fairie Queene*.

Errsoons they heard a most melodious sound
 Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
 Such as, at once, might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight that did it hear
 To weet what manner music it might be,
 For all that pleasing is to living ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony ;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;
 Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine response meet ;

The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the bass murmur of the water's fall;
 The water's fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

SONNET.

By SHAKSPERE.

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived Phœnix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as there fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
 Her in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

By the Rev. R. C. TRENCH.

OH, drinking deep of slumber's holy wine,
 Whence may the smile that lights thy countenance be?
 We seek in vain the mystery divine;
 For in thy dim unconscious infancy
 No games as yet, no play-fellows are thine,
 To stir in waking hours such thoughts of glee,
 As recollected in thine innocent dream
 Might shed across thy face a happy gleam.

It may be, though small notice thou canst take,
 Thou feelest that an atmosphere of love
 Is ever round thee, sleeping or awake:
 Thou wakest, and kind faces from above

Bend o'er thee—when thou sleepest, for thy sake
 All sounds are hush'd, and each doth gently move :
 And this dim consciousness of tender care
 Has caused thy cheek this light of joy to wear.

Or it may be, thoughts deeper than we deem
 Visit an infant's slumbers—God is near,
 Angels are talking to them in their dream,
 Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear ;
 And round them lies that region's holy gleam,
 But newly left, and light which is not here :
 And thus has come that smile upon thy face,
 At tidings brought thee from thy native place.

But whatsoe'er the causes which beguiled
 That dimple on thy countenance, it is gone ;
 Fair is the lake disturb'd by ripple mild,
 But not less fair when ripple it has none :
 And now what deep repose is thine, dear child,
 What smoothness thy unruffled cheek has won !
 Oh ! who that gazed upon thee could forbear
 The silent breathing of an heart-felt prayer !

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

A truly classical composition by KEATS.

THOU still unravish'd bride of Quietness !
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time !
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
“ Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

Brilliant.

A DISINHERITED SON.

O father, father ! must I have no father !
 To think how I shall please ; to pray for him,
 To spread his virtues out before my thought,
 And set my soul in order after them ?
 To dream, and talk of in my dreaming sleep ?
 If I have children, and they question me
 Of him who was to me as I to them ;
 Who taught me love, and sports, and childish lore ;
 Placed smiles where tears had been ; who bent his talk,
 That it might enter my low apprehension,
 And laugh'd when words were lost.

BEDDOES.

RESIGNATION.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given ;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

COTTON.

MURDER.

This is the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

SHAKSPERE.

MEDITATION.

I love to meditate on bliss to come,
 Not that I am unhappy here, but that
 The hope of higher bliss may rectify
 The lower feeling which we now enjoy ;
 This life, this world, is not enough for us ;
 They are nothing to the measure of our minds.

BAILEY.

DEATH.

The life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretel the ending of mortality.

SHAKSPERE.

THE SHELL.

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell ;
 To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
 Listen'd intensely ; and *his countenance soon*
Brighten'd with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard,—sonorous cadences, whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor express'd
 Mysterious union with its native sea.

WORDSWORTH.

LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die :
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress ;
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.
 Oh ! when a mother meets on high,
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the anxious night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.

THE SHELL.

I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace porch ; where, when unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the nave :
 Shake one, and it awakes ; then apply
 Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abode
 And murmurs as the Ocean murmurs there

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

SHAKSPERE.

LIGHT.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their ports to thee ;
 Like a clear river thou dost glide—
 * * * * *
 All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
 Is but the several liveries ;
 Thou the rich dye on them bestowest ;
 Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest.

COWLEY.

CARE HATH ITS END.

To those who prattle of despair,
 Some friend, methinks, might wisely say—
 Each day, no question, has its care,
 But also every care its day.

STERLING.

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OF

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TO THE MOON.

A sonnet by CHARLES BEST, written in the year 1602.

Look how the pale queen of the silent night
 Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her ;
 And he, as long as she is in his sight,
 With his full tide is ready her to honour :
 But when the silver wagon of the moon
 Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
 The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
 And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow !
 So you that are the sovereign of my heart,
 Have all my joys attending on your will ;
 My joys low-ebbing when you do depart—
 When you return, their tide my heart doth fill :
 So as you come, and as you do depart,
 Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

 THE GATHERING.

A spirited lyric by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH of Donnell Dhu !
 Pibroch of Donnell,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Connell !
 Come away, come away,
 Haste to the summons ;
 Come in your war-array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, an'
 From mountain so rocky—
 The war pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy ;
 Come, every hill plaid,
 And true heart that wears one ;
 Come, every steel blade,
 And strong hand that bears one.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges—
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broad swords and targes :

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter,
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar.

Come as the winds come
 When forests are rended,
 Come as the waves come
 When navies are stranded.
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster ;
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how fast they gather ;
 Wide waves the eagle's plume
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set—
 Pibroch of Donnell Dhu,
 Now to the onset.

CRITICISM.

A passage from POPE's famous metrical essay.

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong ;
 In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds, as some to church repair
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line " it whispers through the trees : "
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened, not in vain, with " sleep ; "

Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

There is much original thought in the following—taken from a volume of poems, entitled the *Ballad of Babe Christabel*, by GERALD MASSEY.

HIGH hopes that burn'd like Stars sublime,
Go down i' the Heavens of Freedom !
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em !
But never sit we down and say,
There's nothing left but sorrow :
We walk the Wilderness To-day,
The Promised Land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming !
Yet life stirs in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's Spring is coming !
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow :
And our good bark, aground To-day,
Shall float again To-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The People's cry ascendeth,
And Earth is wet with blood and tears ;
But our meek sufferance endeth !
The Few shall not for ever sway,
The Many moil in Sorrow :
The Powers of Hell are strong To-day,
But Christ shall rise To-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling Futures glisten !
For lo ! our day bursts up the skies :
Lean out your souls and listen !

The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
 And ripens with her sorrow :
 Keep heart ! who bear the Cross To-day
 Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

O Youth ! flame-earnest, still aspire,
 With energies immortal !
 To many a heaven of Desire
 Our yearning opes a portal !
 And though Age wearies by the way,
 And hearts break in the furrow,
 We'll sow the golden grain To-day,—
 The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
 Be like a sheathen sabre,
 Ready to flash out at God's call,
 O Chivalry of Labour !
 Triumph and Toil are twins : and aye
 Joy's sun 's i' the cloud of Sorrow ;
 And 'tis the martyrdom To-day
 Brings Victory To-morrow.

LADY ALICE.

A ballad by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Now what doth Lady Alice so late on the turret stair,
 Without a lamp to light her, but the diamond in her hair ;
 When every arching passage overflows with shallow gloom,
 And dreams float through the castle, into every silent
 room ?

She trembles at her footsteps, although they fall so light ;
 Through the turret loopholes she sees the wild midnight ;
 Broken vapours streaming across the stormy sky ;
 Down the empty corridors the blast doth moan and cry.

She steals along a gallery ; she pauses by a door ;
 And fast her tears are dropping down upon the oaken floor ;

And thrice she seems returning—but thrice she turns
again:—

Now heavy lie the cloud of sleep on that old father's brain!

Oh, well it were that *never* should'st thou waken from thy
sleep!

For wherefore should they waken, who waken but to weep?

No more, no more beside thy bed doth peace a vigil keep,

But woe,—a lion that awaits thy rousing for its leap.

An afternoon of April, no sun appears on high,

But a moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness of the sky:

And through the castle-gateway, left empty and forlorn,

Along the leafless avenue an honour'd bier is borne.

They stop. The long line closes up like some gigantic
worm;

A shape is standing in the path, a wan and ghost-like form,

Which gazes fixedly; nor moves, nor utters any sound;

Then, like a statue built of snow, sinks down upon the
ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and though her feet
are bare,

And though all wild and tangled falls her heavy silk-brown
hair;

Though from her eyes the brightness, from her cheeks the
bloom is fled,

They know their Lady Alice, the darling of the dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting form they
lay,

Where all things stand unalter'd since the night she fled
away:

But who—but who shall bring to life her father from the
clay?

But who shall give her back again her heart of a former
day?

THE POET AND THE STREAM.

This poem was sent to us with several others anonymously. It is quite new to us, but it is well entitled to a place here.

I SAT me down by the waters
And my thoughts were quiet and still
As they answer'd the invocations
Of the slowly-murmuring rill.

I sat me down and I listen'd
To the voices within my soul
Which seem'd to come like an echo
From that water's tremulous roll.

And there on the greensward resting
I gather'd in careless dream
The flowers as they grew about me,
Then cast them away on the stream;

But forever there came a whisper,
Which rose from the bubbling brook,
And listening I open'd the pages
Of a well-remember'd book.

But wherever I open'd those pages
And murmur'd their thoughts divine,
That streamlet follow'd me murmuring
Through every word and line.

And 'twas thus that I heard the waters,
When their music over me stole,
Not alone! but with songs of the poets
To quicken them in my soul.

And though both in their time were ended
And my thoughts borne far away,
That whenever I hear that streamlet
I hear that poet's lay!

And whenever I list to that poet,
In chambers silent and lone,
I think that I hear that river,
With its soft and exquisite tone.

MOONBEAMS.

Extracted from one of the periodicals, where it appeared anonymously.

OVER fields of thymy blossom,
Over beds of dewy flowers,
Now upon the streamlet's bosom,
Now within the whispering bowers,
Soft and slow
The moonbeams go
Wandering on through midnight hours.

Lightly o'er the crested billow
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the glistening moonbeams go :
Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
Ever wandering, soft and slow.

Queen of beauty ! robed in splendour,
Finds thy silent foot no rest ?
Looks thy smile, so soft and tender,
Ne'er upon a kindred breast ?
Soft and slow
Thy footsteps go,
In their silver sandals dress'd.

Queen of beauty ! canst thou ever
Thus thy lonely task fulfil,
Sister voices never, never,
Answering thee from bower or hill ?
Soft and slow
As winter's snow,
Fall thy footsteps cold and still.

Silent Moon ! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew :
Teach me, then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through.
Soft and slow,
Still to go,
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

A wild imaginative strain by a young American poet, as yet almost unknown to fame—his name J. BUCHANAN REID.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice—
The navies of the northern main.

These arctic ventures, blindly hurl'd,
The proofs of nature's olden force,—
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shatter'd from its skiey course,—

These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dream of wrecks,
And freeze the south winds in their flight,
And chain the gulf-stream to their decks.

At every dragon prow and helm
There stands some Viking as of yore ;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm
Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

And oft beneath the sun or moon
Their swift and eager falchions glow ;
While, like a storm-vex'd wind, the rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

And when the far North flashes up
With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal there ! and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass !—
Note all her fashion, hull and sail,
Within the compass of your glass.

See at her mast the steadfast glow
Of that one star of Odin's throne ;
Up with our flag ! and let us show
The constellation on our own,

And speak her well ; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
Or the remotest Esquimaux ;—

Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the Pole from sea to sea ;
Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people yet to be ;

Of wonders which alone prevail
Where day and darkness dimly meet ;
Of all which spreads the arctic sail ;
Of Franklin and his venturous fleet :—

How, haply, at some glorious goal
His anchor holds—his sails are furl'd ;
That fame has named him on her scroll,
“ Columbus of the Polar World ;”

Or how his ploughing barques wedge on
Through splintering fields, with batter'd shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears ;

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shiver'd masts and spars,
He sits amid his frozen crew
In council with the norland stars.

No answer—but the sullen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast ;—
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless North swings proudly past.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, an American Poet. It was written for an Anniversary of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, in 1849.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam !
Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;
Up the steep hill-side, where the labouring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain ;
Through the moist valley clogg'd with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labour brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;
This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;
These are the lines, O, heaven-commanded toil,
That fill thy deed,—the charter of the soil !

O, gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time !
We stain thy flowers,—they blossom o'er the dead ;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tassell'd corn ;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O, our Mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.
No ! by these hills, whose banners now display'd ;
In blazing cohorts Autumn has array'd :
By yon twin crest, amid the sinking sphere
Last to dissolve, and first to re-appear ;

By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines ;
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chain'd bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bow'd their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land—
The same stern iron in the same right hand—
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won !

HAIDEE.

Another beautiful passage from BYRON's *Don Juan*.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim ;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed.
For all was doubt and dizziness ; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed ;
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath ;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death :
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs ; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm
Pillow'd his death-like forehead ; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm ;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoever
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind ; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel ; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction ; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew ;
'T is as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun ;
Short upper lip—sweet lips ! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such ; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

A GHOST AT NOON.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke ;
In gloom I sat, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak ;
Lo ! splendour, like a spirit, came,
A shadow like a tree !
While there I sat, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear ;
I look'd around in awe ;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw ;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourn'd her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
Like gather'd flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come ;
And e'en the rose which she had set
Was fated ne'er to bloom !
The thrush proclaim'd in accents sweet
That winter's rain was o'er ;
The bluebells throng'd around my feet ;
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again ?
A voice of comfort answers me
That God does nought in vain :
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave ;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave ?

BLINDNESS.

From the *New Orleans Delta* we select this noble poem, by one of its editors, JOSEPH BRENNAN, with the introductory note, which explains its origin.

[NOTE PRELIMINARY.—The following poem is an attempt to give the first impressions and restless feelings of a man of ordinary intelligence, who has been suddenly struck blind by sickness or accident. I know not how successful I may have been in the treatment of the theme, but I did not take it up without some very bitter experience—as I have been little better than blind myself for over three long months. In fact, I was utterly without sight for some weeks. I attribute my blindness entirely to the vigorous skill of the physician who attended me in yellow fever, and who, by the judicious use of medicine, enabled me to produce the following stanzas; which, if not good, are, at all events, the best I can write—though my Helicon is nothing less than unadulterated quinine!]

As I have alluded to my loss of sight, which resulted from over-doses of a subtle and powerful poison, I may be allowed to mention how I regained it. I am indebted for my recovery—which, though not yet complete, is, in my estimation, almost a miracle of medicine—to Dr. Hunt, of this city, whose name is too high and bright upon the roll of science to gain additional lustre from any praise of mine. To him, under God, I owe that I can now hold a pen; to him I dedicate these lines, as it may afford him some pleasure to know how deep was the gloom which darkened all the prison from which his wonderful skill released me.]

THE golden shores of sunshine, round me spreading,
 Refuse a boon of light;
 And fast my shatter'd soul is death-ward heading,
 Wreck'd on a sea of night!
 There is no angry tempest flapping sun-ward
 Its black wings through the air;
 The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward
 Through channels of despair!

Around me is a darkness omnipresent,
 With boundless horror grim,
 Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
 To the horizon's rim;
 The golden stars, all charr'd and blacken'd by it,
 Are swept out one by one;
 My world is left, as if at Joshua's fiat—
 A moonless Ajalon!

How long, O Lord! I cry, in bitter anguish,
Must I be doom'd alone—
A chain'd and blinded Sampson—thus to languish,
In exile from the sun?
Or must I hope for evermore surrender,
And turn my eyes on high,
To find, instead of brave and azure splendour,
A black curse on the sky?

Alas! as time sees gathering round me deeper
The universal cloud,
I feel like some wild horror-stricken sleeper,
Who awakens in a shroud!
Like some poor wretch who closed his eyes at morning
Against the growing day,
And finds himself, without a prayer or warning,
A tenant of the clay!

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
Where I have linger'd long!
Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
The laughter and the song!
Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit,
For I am drifting forth;
My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
My prow unto the north!

Come nearer to me, Soother of my sorrow,
And place your hand in mine;
That my o'er-darken'd soul shall, haply, borrow
A little light from thine;
That, bearing all which fortune has commanded,
Until my tortures end,
The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
Shall have, at least, a friend!

And read aloud some wisdom-giving volume—
The work of olden hours—
In which the stately thoughts rise like a column
Crown'd with Corinthian flowers—
In which the epic Greek moves solemn sounding,
With hexametric sweep;
And every line has some fine pulses, bounding
With passion, grand and deep!

Its rhythmas call up the sublime Auroral
Of the Hellenic name—
When monarchs snatch'd the scholar's wreath of laurel,
As guerdon of their fame.
It brings you down a vista of proud faces,
To see, amid the trees,
Aspasia, blushing fond, as she embraces
Her stately Pericles!

So haply listening to that fiery speaker,
Whose fancies overflow
Like Chian wine within a slender beaker,
Which trembles to the glow—
You say, while catching visions wild and Vatic,
Which wing their way abroad
Amid an atmosphere of sense Socratic—
“'Tis Plato or a god!”

Or read to me once more that burning ballad,
Compact of passionate fire,
Which bright-eyed Sappho, fond, and fierce, and pallid,
Swept from her sounding lyre—
That larger utterance of a glorious woman
The Palmyrene preserved,
To show how like a frantic god's, the human
Spirit is subtly nerved!

Or rather read how Ajax pray'd, when round him
Were corpses cold and stark,
And plotting deities had closely bound him
In vapours, dim and dark ;—
Read how he pray'd to Jove, with eager passion,
To sweep away the night—
That he might meet his fate in hero fashion,
And perish in the light !

Since then, a greater hero fought and perish'd,
Within a silent room ;
And, as our Goethe felt that all he cherish'd
Was sinking into gloom—
As o'er his features stole the fatal pallor,
He look'd above and cried—
In echo of that prayer of Grecian valour—
“ More light, O Lord ! ” and died !

That cry is mine, my friend! but utter'd vainly—
 The ear of heaven is deaf!
 And I may persevere in prayer, insanely,
 And win no true relief!
 Close up the books—for grim and ghastly darkness
 Has settled over all—
 My soul is wrapp'd for evermore in starkness,
 Within this funeral pall!

Farewell, once more, spice-islands of my childhood,
 Where I have linger'd long!
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
 The laughter and the song!
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit,
 For I am drifting forth;
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the north!

LITTLE MARY.

From a volume entitled *Edenor*, lately published by S. H. BRADBURY. *The Times*, in a review of it, remarked, "The author is simple, natural, and poetical. 'By the by,' Southey wrote to Coleridge, 'there is a great analogy between hock, claret, pork pie, and the Lyrical Ballads. Wordsworth's are asparagus and artichokes, good with plain butter and wholesome.' So we say of Mr. Bradbury's lyrics. They are thoroughly digestible without pepper. A homely freshness breathes from the leaves. They smell of the garden. Read these lines to *Little Mary*, and say if they be not worth a wardrobe of theatrical feathers, red mantles, and paint, or a whole ream of Pindarics?"

LITTLE Mary comes to greet me
 With a smile almost divine,
 And her looks like pleasures meet me,
 As she lays her hands in mine.
 Fairest creature! ever straying
 With a grace as light as day;
 Like a lamb with sunbeams playing
 In the perfumed hours of May.

Then she asks me if I love her,
 And her little auburn curls
 Fall in clusters, and half cover
 Her sweet lips, enrich'd with pearls.

Then she smiles with grace so simple,—
Half akin to heaven she seems ;
Love plays round each moulded dimple,
Like a fairy in day-dreams.

'Gainst no household duties sinning,
With a seraph's voice she talks ;
And, the kindest praises winning,
Makes a heaven where she walks.
And at night, to the Eternal,
Whispers forth her fondest prayer ;
With her presence home is vernal,
Something like an angel'd sphere.

Then she twines her arms around me,
Tells me how she learns to spell ;
Till a power unseen has bound me,
Far too pure for tongue to tell.
Earthly grossness comes not near her,
Charms divine her ways imbue ;
O ye watchful angels, spare her,
Guide her to the pure and true.

Quick and graceful as a fairy,
Type of what the lovely are,
Perfect is the form of Mary,
'Ray'd with beauty like a star ;
And endow'd with all the graces
Which the pleading angel gives ;
I can see by outward traces
That the flower of Eden lives.

And her anxious eyes will glisten,
As she hears my footsteps near ;
Oft to her sweet voice I listen,
Then home seems a music-sphere.
And her gambols ever teach me
Pleasure is not always vain ;
Angel-touches seem to reach me—
Then I feel a child again.

Then she tells me some bright story
Of the little feats she's done ;
How she learnt the Saviour's glory—
How the prize at school she won.

And thus she talks through evening hours
 With an air of sweet delight ;
 Then, with lips press'd to her flowers,
 Breathes the tender words, " Good night."

EPITAPH ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH
 ISLANDS.

One of the brilliant *jeux d'esprit* of W. M. PRAED.

[Translated from the original of Crazeé Ratefee, his Majesty's Poet
 Laureate.]

BENEATH the marble mud or moss,
 Whiche'er his subjects shall determine,
 Entomb'd in eulogies and dross,
 The island king is food for vermin ;
 Prison'd by scribblers and by salt,
 From Lethe and sepulchral vapours,
 His body fills his father's vault,
 His character the daily papers.

Well was he framed for royal seat ;
 Kind to the *meanest* of his creatures ;
 With tender heart and tender feet,
 And open purse and open features ;
 The ladies say who laid him out,
 And earn'd thereby the usual pensions,
 They never wreath'd a shroud about
 A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

He warr'd with half a score of foes,
 And shone—by proxy—in the quarrel ;
 Enjoy'd hard fights and soft repose,
 And deathless debt, and deathless laurel :
 His enemies were scalp'd and flay'd,
 Whene'er his soldiers were victorious ;
 And widows wept, and paupers paid,
 To make their sovereign ruler glorious.

And days were set apart for thanks,
 And prayers were said by pious readers ;
 And laurel lavish'd on the ranks,
 And land was lavish'd on their leaders ;

Events are writ by History's pen :
Though causes are too much to care for :—
Fame talks about the where and when,
While folly asks the why and wherefore.

In peace he was intensely gay,
And indefatigably busy ;
Preparing gew-gaws every day,
And shows to make his subjects dizzy :
And hearing the report of guns,
And signing the report of jailors,
And making up receipts for buns,
And patterns for the army tailors.

And building carriages and boats,
And streets, and chapels, and pavilions,
And regulating all the coats,
And all the principles of millions ;
And drinking homilies and gin,
And chewing pork and adulation,
And looking backwards upon sin,
And looking forwards to salvation.

The people, in his happy reign,
Were blest beyond all other nations ;
Unharm'd by foreign axe or chain,
Unheal'd by civil innovations :
They served the usual logs and stones,
With all the usual rights and terrors ;
And swallow'd all their fathers' bones,
And swallow'd all their fathers' errors.

When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,
All vow'd that nothing should content them,
But that their representatives
Should actually represent them ;
He interposed the proper checks,
By sending troops with drums and banners
To cut their speeches short, and necks,
And break their heads to mend their manners.

And when dissension flung her stain
Upon the light of Hymen's altar,
And Destiny made Cupid's chain
As galling as the hangman's halter,

He pass'd a most domestic life,
 By many mistresses befriended,
 And did not put away his wife
 For fear the priest should be offended.

And thus at last he sunk to rest
 Amid the blessings of his people ;
 And sighs were heard from every breast,
 And bells were toll'd from every steeple ;
 And loud was every public throng
 His brilliant character adorning,
 And poets raised a mourning song,
 And clothiers raised the price of mourning.

His funeral was very grand,
 Follow'd by many robes and maces,
 And all the great ones of the land,
 Struggling, as heretofore, for places ;
 And every loyal minister
 Was there with signs of purse-felt sorrow,
 Save Pozzy, his lord chancellor,
 Who promised to attend to-morrow.

Peace to his dust ; his fostering care
 By grateful hearts shall long be cherish'd,
 And all his subjects shall declare
 They lost a grinder when he perish'd.
 They who shall look upon the lead,
 In which a people's love hath shrined him,
 Shall say, when all the worst is said,
 Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him !

THE DEATH OF BABE CHRISTABEL.

A passage in a poem entitled *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, by
 GERALD MASSEY.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
 We rarely know, till wilder'd eyes
 See white wings lessening up the skies,
 The Angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death !
 Shall light thy dark up like a Star,
 A Beacon kindling from afar
 Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
 And glitters through the thickest glooms,
 Till the eternal morning comes
 To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
 We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
 And, ready for the harvest home,
 His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled;
 Awhile she sat with folded wings—
 Sang round us a few hoverings—
 Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-wing'd Angels nurture her;
 With heaven's white radiance robed and crown'd,
 And all Love's purple glory round,
 She summers on the Hills of Myrrh.

Through Childhood's morning-land, serene
 She walk'd betwixt us twain, like Love;
 While, in a robe of light above,
 Her better Angel walk'd unseen.

NEHUSHTA AND DARA.

From *The Fall of Nineveh*, an Epic Poem, by EDWIN ATHERSTONE,
 from which we have already made some fine extracts.

MEANTIME, within the oft-frequented bower
 Nehushta sat, and Dara. 'Twas a spot
 Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
 Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed
 And by no eye o'erlook'd; for in the midst
 Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—
 Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
 That from the deep shades all around it, breathed
 Cool and sweet scented. Myrtles, jessamines,
 Roses of various hues, all climbing shrubs
 Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,
 And trees of slender body; fruit and flower
 At early morn had water'd, and at eve,
 From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly

Gush'd with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch
The pliant branches, intertwined, were bent ;
Flowers some, and some rich fruits of gorgeous hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell, or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or for the languid limbs a downy couch
Inviting slumber. At the noontide hour
Here with some chosen maidens would she come
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days : the harp sometimes
Herself would touch, and with her own sweet voice
Fill all the air with loveliness. But chief
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet shone,
A last gleam catching from his closing eye—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas of embowering trees she went,
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm ;
Through orange groves, and citron, myrtle walks,
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers,
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all ;—and having reach'd
The spot beloved, with sport or dance awhile
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time they pass'd ; or to the lute
Gave ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love ; or, arm-in-arm,
Amid the twilight saunter'd, listing oft
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves, or, in his pride
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds—
And ever, as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum they heard
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them. But oft with one alone,
One faithful favour'd maiden, would she come
At early morn sometimes, while ev'ry flower,
In diamonds glittering, with its proud weight bow'd ;

When through the glistering trees the golden beams
 Aslant their bright flood pour'd, and every bird
 In his green palace sitting sang aloud,
 And all the air with youthful fragrance teem'd
 Fresh as at Nature's birth ;—her pastime then
 The flowers to tend, to look upon the sky
 And on the earth, and drink the perfumed air,
 And in the gladness of all things be glad.
 But in the placid twilight hour of eve
 Not seldom came they : Dara then the harp
 Or dulcimer would touch ; or, happier still,
 His words of love into her listening ear
 Distil with sweeter music than from string
 Or breathing pipe, though sweet.

But now the tale
 Was of grim battle, ghastly wounds, and death,
 And of her father, and the rebel chief,
 Mighty as Nimrod ; how in fight they stood,
 And how the foe prevail'd ; and how himself
 For her loved sake the terrible warrior faced,
 Her sire defending ; how the clouds of horse
 Rush'd on, and from his spoil the conqueror drove ;
 And how in hideous rout the field they left,
 The Assyrians flying, and the Medes in chase :
 Of what might else unhappily befall
 Long talk they had, and all their souls were sad.

THE NIGHTS.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

OH ! the Summer's night
 Has a smile of light,
 And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
 Whilst the sweet winds load her
 With garlands of odour,
 From the bud to the rose o'erblown.

But the Autumn night
 Has a piercing sight,
 And a step both strong and free !
 And a voice for wonder,
 Like the wrath of the thunder,
 When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain ;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain.

Oh, the night, the night,
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time :
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover out-poureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest ;
To care, bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest.

SONNET.

This fine sonnet is by S. T. COLERIDGE, one of the most original and gifted poets of recent times. He addresses it "To a Friend, who asked how I felt when the nurse first presented my infant to me."

CHARLES ! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my babe might be !
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a father's kiss : and, all beguiled
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,
I seem'd to see an angel's form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

Brilliant.

THE OAK.

Thou wert a bauble once :—a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn net that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close folded latitude of boughs.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to thy roots—and time has been
When tempests could not.
Time made thee what thou wert, king of the woods,
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in.

COWPER.

FRIENDSHIP.

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE.

It is not in the mountains,
Nor the palaces of pride,
That Love will fold his wings up,
And rejoicingly abide ;
But in meek and humble natures
His home is ever found,
As the lark that sings in heaven
Builds his nest upon the ground.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

SERVICE.

A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad ;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich ;
A sick man help'd by thee shall make thee strong ;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. BROWNING.

TO A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop,—virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join ;
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine ?

BURNS.

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this living frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
But 'neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came,
And all creation widen'd on man's view,
Who would have deem'd such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun ? Or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind ?
Why should we then shun death with anxious strife,
If *Light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *Life* ?

BLANCO WHITE.

HISTORY.

Hence, pageant history ! hence, gilded cheat !
Smart planet in the universe of deeds !
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory !
Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
Upon thy vaporous bosom magnified
To goodly vessels ; many a sail of pride,
And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.

KEATS.

VIRTUE.

As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer's eve,
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
 In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporate, by power
 Capacious and serene : Like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the incumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt,
 And sometimes, so relentless justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH.

SORROW.

When sorrow all our heart would ask,
 We need not shun our daily task,
 And hide ourselves for calm ;
 The herbs we seek to heal our woe
 Familiar by our pathway grow,
 Our common air is balm.

KEBLE.

SUNRISE.

He all that night, that too long night, did pass,
 And now the day out of the ocean mayne
 Began to peep above this earthy masse,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass.
 Then up he rose like heavy lump of lead,
 That in his face as in a looking glass
 The signs of anguish one might plainly read.

SPENSER'S *Faery Queen*.

FREEDOM.

For, O ! her softest breath, that might not stir
 The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,
 Makes the crown'd Tyrants start with realmless looks !

GERALD MASSEY.



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EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange.

FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

FLOWERS ! winter flowers ! the child is dead !
The mother cannot speak :
Oh, softly couch its little head,
Or Mary's heart will break.
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.
How like a form in cold white stone
The coffin'd infant lies !
Look, mother, on thy little one,
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She cannot weep—more pale she grows,
More deadly pale and still ;
Flowers ! oh, a flower ! a winter rose
That tiny hand to fill.
Go, search the fields ! the lichen wet
Bends o'er the unfailing well ;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring ?
A daisy ?—ah, bring childhood's flower !
The half-blown daisy bring !
Yes, lay the daisy's little head
Beside this little cheek ;
Oh, haste ; the last of five is dead :
The childless cannot speak !

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

By GERALD MASSEY.

No jewell'd Beauty is my love ;
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.

Her smiles and voice around my life
 In light and music twine,
 And dear, O very dear to me,
 Is this sweet Love of mine.

O joy! to know there's one fond heart
 Beats ever true to me:
 It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
 In sweetest melody.
 My soul up-springs, a Deity,
 To hear her voice divine!
 And dear, O very dear to me,
 Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth
 'Twas all for her I trow;
 And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
 I'll twine it on her brow.
 There may be forms more beautiful,
 And souls of sunnier shine;
 But none, O none, so dear to me,
 As this sweet Love of mine.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

The following beautiful lines are the production of the late and much-lamented ROBERT GILFILLAN, and appeared originally in the *Glasgow University Album*.

SUN of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
 Now thy far journey of day it is done;
 Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light
 Down on thy throne of night—Hail! setting sun!

Slow thou depart'st away—far from the realms of day,
 Linger in pity on summer's loved bowers.
 Thy last ray is streaming—thy farewell tint gleaming;
 Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness; yet nations in gladness
 Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
 Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see:
 Thou kindest day in the dwelling of night.

Where sleeps the thunder, there dost thou wander ;
 Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray ;
 Kissing the stars at morn—high in the air upborne,
 Skirting creation's far verge on thy way !

Grandeur and glory—they travel before thee ;
 Brightness and majesty walk in thy train !
 Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
 When thou awakest from ocean again.

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
 Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be ;
 Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence ;
 And Lapland is turn'd into summer by thee !

Time cannot conquer thee ; age cannot alter thee ;
 Years have no power to limit thy sway ;
 Strength and sublimity—still they attend on thee,
 Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay !

Sun of the firmament ! planet of wonderment !
 Now thy far journey of day it is done ;
 Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light
 Down on thy throne of night—Hail ! setting sun !

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

"WHAT shall I render Thee, Father supreme,
 For thy rich gifts, and this, the best of all ?"
 Said a young mother, as she fondly watch'd
 Her sleeping babe.

There was an answering voice
 That night in dreams.

"Thou hast a little bud
 Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love ;
 Give me that bud. 'Twill be a flower in heaven."
 But there was silence ; yea, a hush so deep,
 Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the lip
 Blanch'd in its trance.

“Thou hast a little harp :
How sweetly would it swell the angels' song.
Give me that harp !”

There burst a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom, by some hidden sword,
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came : a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud ;
The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain, and broke ;
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony.

Again the voice
That stirr'd her vision :

“He who ask'd of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver.”

So she raised
Her gushing eye, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled.

Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted Righteousness.

HASTE NOT: REST NOT.

A spirited translation of a fine lyric by GOETHE.

WITHOUT haste ! without rest !
Bind the motto to thy breast !
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;
Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed ;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might ;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done !

Rest not ! life is sweeping by,
Do and DARE before you die ;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have pass'd away !

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last !

TO AN INFANT.

By COLERIDGE.

AH, cease thy tears and sighs, my little life !
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife.
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry !
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to know !
Alike the foodful fruit or scorching fire,
Or rouse thy screams, or wake thy young desire :
Yet thou art wise, for 'mid thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest !
Man's breathing miniature ! thou makest me sigh,
A Babe art thou—and such a thing am I !
To anger rapid, and as soon appeased,
For trifles mourning, and by trifles pleased ;
Break Friendship's mirror with a fretful blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar grow.
O Thou that rearest, with celestial aim,
The future seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice-holy Faith ! whatever thorns I meet,
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy.

LOVE.

A passage from TALFOURD'S *Ion*.*Ion*. How fares my pensive sister?

Clemanthe. How could I fare but ill, when the pale hand
 Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
 Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—
 And thou, forsaking all within thy home,
 Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid
 Even thou canst do but little?

Ion. It is little :

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
 The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
 Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
 To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense : yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
 Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
 With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand,
 To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
 And shed on the departing soul a sense,
 More precious than the benison of friends
 About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,
 To him who else were lonely, that another
 Of the great family is near and feels.

IDLENESS.

By N. P. WILLIS.

THE rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune
 Fitfully on the sky-light, and the shade
 Of the fast-flying clouds across my book
 Passes with delicate change. My merry fire
 Sings cheerfully itself ; my musing cat
 Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,
 And looks into my face as if she felt,
 Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.

Here have I sat since morn—reading sometimes,
And sometimes listening to the faster fall
Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir
Of an unbidden thought, have walk'd awhile,
With the slow steps of indolence, my room;
And then sat down composedly again
To my quaint book of olden poetry.
It is a kind of idleness, I know;
And I am said to be an idle man—
And it is very true. I love to go
Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye
Rest on the human faces that pass by,
Each with its gay or busy interest;
And then I muse upon their lot, and read
Many a lesson in their changeful cast;
And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight
Of human beings were humanity.
And I am better after it, and go
More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love
Stirring my heart to every living thing;
And my low prayer has more humility,
And I sink lightlier to my dreams—and this
'Tis very true, is only idleness.

TO A WATERFOWL.

By W. C. BRYANT.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer-home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

THE SULTANA.

Another admirably descriptive passage from BYRON'S *Don Juan*.
This poem, inadmissible in families as a whole, a selection of its beauties
will be welcome.

WHEN he was gone, there was a sudden change :
I know not what might be the lady's thought,
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
The verge of heaven ; and in her large eyes wrought
A mixture of sensations, might be scann'd,
Of half voluptuousness and half command.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
When he put on the cherub to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil ;

The sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil ;
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere wanting,
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.—

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
A chain o'er all she did ; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you—
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view :
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet ;
Her very nod was not an inclination ;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station—
They trod as upon necks ; and to complete
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
She was a sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not mine!)

" To hear and to obey " had been from birth
The law of all around her ; to fulfil
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will ;
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth :
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still ;
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
We should have found out the " perpetual motion."

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought ;
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
And when 'twas found straightway the bargain closed :
There was no end unto the things she bought,
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused ;
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon'd all—except her face.

THE MINSTER.

By MRS. HEMANS. It was published in one of the *Annals*.

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality.

BYRON.

SPEAK low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer :
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air ;
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !
—Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow-glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Nor for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest-sounds when winds are nigh ;
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry :
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound ;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around :
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse,
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head !
And Thou, still battling with the tempest's force,
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time hath bled,
Speak, wounded Love ! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair ?

No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past no trace!
—Doth not this hush give answer to my quest?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest!
—Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Heaven a spot, thus pure, and still, and deep!

TO THE NAUTILUS.

By HARTLEY COLERIDGE, the eldest son of the Poet, a man of great genius, but of erratic life. This appeared in the *Winter's Wreath*.

WHERE Ausonian summers glowing
Warm the deep to life and joyance;
And gentle zephyrs, nimbly blowing,
Wanton with the waves, that flowing
By many a land of ancient story,
And many an isle renown'd in glory,
Leap along in gladsome buoyance;
There, Marinere,
Dost thou appear
In fiery pinnace gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrow'd waters gliding;
Thou nor wreck nor foeman drea'stest,
Thou nor helm nor compass needest:
While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosoms hiding,
Thou canst not fear,
Small Marinere!
Though the tides, with restless motion,
Bear thee to the desert ocean,
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
'Tis all thine own, 'tis all thine empery.

Lame is Art ; and her endeavour
 Follows Nature's course but slowly,
 Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
 Still improving, perfect never.
 Little Nautilus ! Thou showest
 Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
 Lore which man should study lowly.
 Bold faith and cheer,
 Small Marinere !
 Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,
 To thee a law of life compelling,
 Obedience perfect, simple, glad, and free,
 To the Great Will that animates the sea !

TO A FRIEND

WITH A PAIR OF RUFFLES, WORKED IN FESTOONS OF LAUREL BRANCHES,
 BOUND TOGETHER WITH LOVE-KNOTS OF RIBBON.

These lines appear in an essay on "The Decline of Poetry," published in one of the *Annals*, and are there stated to be by a lady, whose name the writer does not give. They well deserve preservation here.

Blest be the Art which thus the mind displays,
 And gives to modest Merit silent praise !
 These mystic threads shall to my Friend convey
 What my full heart oft would, but cannot, say :
 Fit emblem of my wish and his desert,
 White as his fame, and tender as his heart !
 These grateful favours, long to friendship due,
 With fav'ring eye my partial Friend shall view ;
 Pleased, in the snowy foliage, to regard
 Honour's true meed and Virtue's rich reward.

The flow'ry tribe, that court the sunny ray,
 And with the sportive breezes idly play,
 The flattering beau shall claim ;—and aptly place
 Around his sickly hand the fading race.
 Their transient charms befit the softer plan,
 Adorn the Woman, but disgrace the Man.
 Not so the Friend I love ; his nobler aim
 Has reach'd the summit of a lasting fame ;

Sacred to him th' immortal laurel blows,
And braves the blasting winds and wintry snows!
To grace the soldier's hand be ever wove
The wreath of glory, with the knot of love!

LODORE: A SUMMER VISION.

By MARY HOWITT.

OFF in the days of bright July,
When the parch'd earth is brown and dry,
And the hot noon-day's sun looks down
Upon the dusty, barren town,
And scorching walls, sun-smitten, glare—
And stifling is the breezeless air,
And, through the day, flows all around
A ceaseless tide of wearying sound,
And busy crowds with restless feet,
Pass up and down the burning street,
I sit in some still room apart,
And summer visions fill my heart ;
Visions of beauty, green and cool—
The water-lily's shadowy pool ;
The untrodden wood's sequester'd shrine,
Where hides the lustrous columbine,
And leaves astir for ever make
A breezy freshness through the brake.

I think of some old country-hall,
With carved porch, and chimneys tall,
And pleasant windows many a one,
Set deep into the old grey stone,
Hid among trees so large and green
'Tis only dimly to be seen.
I think of its dusk garden-bowers,
Its little plots of curious flowers,
Its casements wreathed with jessamin,
Flung wide to let all odours in,
And all sweet sounds of bird and bee,
And the cool fountain's melody.

I think of mountains still and grey,
Stretching in summer light away,
Where the blue, cloudless skies repose
Above the solitude of snows;
Of gleaming lakes, whose waters lie
In restless beauty sparklingly;
Of little island-nooks of rest
Where the grave heron makes her nest;
And wild cascades with hurrying roar,
Like the sweet tumult of Lodore—
Lodore!—that name recalls to me
Visions of stern sublimity,
And pastoral vales, and lonely rills,
And shepherd people on the hills,—
And more—old names of men unknown
Save on their mouldering churchyard stone,
Or to some mountain-chronicler
Who talketh of the days that were;—
For, in gone years, they of my race
Had 'mong the hills their dwelling-place,
In an old mansion that doth stand
As in the heart of fairy-land.
Then mountains, lakes, and glorious skies
Lived in their children's memories;
There tended they, in evening-hours,
Their garden's antiquated flowers,
And, on the Skiddaw mountain grey
They gambol'd through the sunny day,—
Blest summer revellers! and did float
On Keswick Lake their little boat!—

Let Mammon's sons with visage lean,
Restless and vigilant and keen,
Whose thought is but to buy and sell,
In the hot, toiling city dwell.
Give me to walk on mountains bare,
Give me to breathe the open air;
To hear the village children's mirth,
To see the beauty of the earth—
In wood and wild, by lake and sea
To dwell, with foot and spirit free!

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

From *The Corsair*, by Lord BYRON.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell ? Not thou, luxurious slave !
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight ;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose :
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife ?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away ;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head ;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory ;

And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now* !

SONG.

This song, so full of beauty and feeling, is taken from BAILEY'S *Festus*.

For every leaf the loveliest flower
 Which beauty sighs for from her bower—
 For every star a drop of dew—
 For every sun a sky of blue—
 For every heart a heart as true !

For every tear by pity shed
 Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,
 Oh ! be a crown of glory given—
 Such crowns as saints to gain have striven,
 Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,
 A proud, a pure, a deathless name—
 For all who love, who loving bless,
 Be life one long, kind, close caress,
 Be life all love, all happiness !

EPITHALAMIUM.

This marriage-song is from the pen of JOHN BRAINARD, an American poet.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun ;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one :
 I thought that morning-cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting :
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat !
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace !

A TALE OF MAY.

By GERALD MASSEY.

AH ! 'tis like a tale of olden
Time, long, long ago ;
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and Love was lord below !

Every vein of earth was dancing
With the spring's new wine !
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
When I met you, Love of mine !

Ah ! some spirit sure was straying
Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, Sweet ! a-Maying
In the merry, merry May.

Little heart ! it shyly opened
Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripen'd
To the dainty, dainty core.

But its beauties daily brighten,
And it blooms so dear ;—
Though a many winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year.

And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day,
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
 In the merry, merry May.

NATURE'S GOLD AND SILVER.

From a delightful volume of poems entitled *Revelations of the Beautiful*, by EDWIN HENRY BURRINGTON, lately published.

DRAW nigh and hear, thou miser-hearted man !
 Silver and Gold will curse thee utterly ;
 Curse thee for evermore—as curse they can—
 If words of warning do not set thee free ;
 Then listen to the eloquence of poetry !

Upon thy coffer Ruin plants his foot ;
 And see, a mouldering heap of dust creeps down
 And mingles with thy coin ! Decay is mute,
 For if he babbled like a silly clown,
 No time had he to eat strong walls and temples down.

And dust is on thy soul ! Yet speak high speech,
 And follow it by deeds. Say to the poor,
 “ Here’s help for ye and yours ;” and to the rich,
 “ Be brothers to the poor ;” and evermore
 The dust shall quit thy soul and quit thy coffer’d store.

On Silver and on Gold thy restless eye
 From habit loves to gaze : Well, be it so !
 God hath supplied thee ’neath the naked sky
 With Silver and with Gold that bud and grow ;
 Some yellow as the stars, some white as whitest snow.

O man, a counterfeit best pleases thee,
 Or other wealth than coins thou would’st heap up !
 The Gold and Silver for the Child and Bee
 Are what from heaven the Angels have let drop—
 The Daisy and her sister-flower the Buttercup.

Walk in the lanes, and in the meadows walk,
And give thy thoughts unto all loveliness :
Thou canst not solve the mysteries which birds talk,
Nor weave with silky threads the flowers' rich dress,
But thou canst love them all, and all that love confess.

Of all God's creatures him I value least
Who is too much a Man to be a Boy,
Who holds it 'neath his dignity to feast
On the remembrance of an early joy ;—
The best of men will smile to see an infant's toy !

Exhibit on thy dress, whene'er they bloom,
The Buttercup and Daisy. They will be
The types of heaven, and holier than the plume
A hero wears, and they will preach to thee
Of how the sun and showers drop favours ceaselessly.

They will be signs and symbols in thy coat,
And though thine eyes be dim, and hair be grey,
Thy life is childhood. Age is far remote
From him whose love of flowers ne'er fades away,
Who loves them through the night and loves them
through the day.

Away ! the counterfeit shake off from thee,
And Nature's Gold and Silver gather up,
Such as keep innocent the Child and Bee,
And which from heaven the Angels have let drop,—
The Daisy and her sister-flower the Buttercup.

THE VISIONARY.

A graceful little lyric by the Hon. W. R. SPENCER, one of the gay circle of the Regency.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead !

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
 No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
 Visions more sad my fancy views,
 Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
 That linger'd long, and latest died;
 Ambition all dissolved to air,
 With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
 They once were friendship, truth, and love!
 Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!



THE BIRTH OF PODAGRA.

One of JAMES SMITH's clever *jeux-d'esprit*.

"FAIR daughter, it puzzles me much,"
 Quoth Jove to Idalia's Queen,
 "Why you married a god on a crutch,
 Who never looks fit to be seen.
 With Mars, and with Bacchus, and with
 Apollo to woo you in songs,
 Oh! how could you marry a smith
 Who furnishes poker and tongs?"

"Dread sire," said the Queen of the Loves,
 "While Vulcan is beating hot shoes
 All day, I can harness my doves,
 And call on what people I choose:
 You made him a smith from his birth,
 His forge on Mount Ætna he plies:
 Let him mind his shop upon earth,
 And me manage mine in the skies."

The Thunderer nodded assent.
 Ere long, with his vine-circled rod,
 On no honest embassy bent,
 Came Bacchus, the ivy-crown'd god.

He drove the dame out in his car ;
 Anacreon call'd up the Nine,
 And thrumm'd his eternal guitar
 In praise of the myrtle and vine.

With Vulcan employ'd all the day,
 The lovers felt doubly secure :
 We know, when Grimalkin 's away,
 The mice are not over demure.
 Thus flitted unclouded the scene,
 Till Dian nine circuits had run :
 When lo ! the parturient Queen
 Of Paphos gave birth to a son.

In flannels Jove swaddled the imp,
 As broad as his mother's blue zone,
 And prudently gave him a limp,
 To pass for lame Mulciber's own.
 The Bacchus and Venus-born child
 Grew, otherwise, healthy and stout.
 Hippocrates nursed him, and styled
 The big-footed libertine—Gout !

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

A touching poem by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I lay without my father's door, a wretched dwarfish boy ;
 I did not dare to lift the latch, I heard the voice of joy.
 Too well I knew, when I was near, my father never smiled ;
 And she who bore me turn'd away, abhorring her poor child :

A stranger saw me, and he bribed my parents with his gold !
 Oh ! deeper shame awaited me—the dwarfish boy was sold !
 They never loved me, never claim'd the love I could have
 felt !

And yet with bitter tears I left the cottage where they
 dwelt.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me; he spoke of brighter
days;

He lured each slumb'ring talent forth, and gave unwonted
praise.

Unused to smiles, how ardently I panted for applause!
And daily he instructed me—too soon I learned the cause.

I stood upon his native shore; the secret was explain'd;
I was a vile, degraded slave, in mind and body chain'd!
Condemn'd to face, day after day, the rabble's ruffian gaze;
To shrink before their merriment, or blush before their
praise!

In anguish I must still perform the oft-repeated task;
And courteously reply to all frivolity may ask.
And bear inhuman scrutiny, and hear the hateful jest!
And sing the song—then crawl away to tears instead of rest.

I know I am diminutive, ay, loathsome, if you will;
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not a human being still?
With feelings, sensitive as yours, perhaps, I have been born!
I could not wound a fellow-man in mockery or scorn!

But some there are, who seem to shrink away from me at
first,

And then speak kindly; to my heart that trial is the worst!
Oh, then I long to kneel to them, imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch, who only asks an honourable grave!

CHARACTER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

From SHAKSPEARE'S *King Henry the Eighth*.

*Enter Katherine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and
Patience.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam : but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. - Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—“ O, father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! ”
So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity :—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!

COMMON THINGS.

A pretty little poem by Mrs. HAWKSHAW.

THE sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lonely cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lonely sea ;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn
Sparkle upon the grass ;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
More beautiful than they ;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage door ;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets,
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage-hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

Brilliant.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Eternity doth wear upon her face
The veil of Time. They only see the veil,
And thus they know not what they stand so near.
ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE EAST.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine :
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute :
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
'Tis the clime of the East ; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.
BYRON.

LOVE.

I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love : Thou answer'st, She is fair ;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her gait, her voice ;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach ; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman !
SHAKSPERE.

BEAUTY.

The repose
Of Beauty, where she lieth bright and still
As some lone angel, dead-asleep in light
On the most heavenward top of all this world,
Wing-weary.

SYDNEY YENDYS.

HOPE.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

TIME.

Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
The unutterable deep that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendours, soon or late,
Like tapers, quenched by him whose will is fate !
Yes, and the angel of Eternity
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
One day, O Earth ! will look in vain for thee,
And start and stop in his unerring flight,
And with the wings of sorrow and affright
Veil his impassion'd brow and heavenly tears.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warm, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WORDSWORTH.

FORESHADOWINGS.

As the sun,
 Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
 In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
 Of great events stride on before the events ;
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

COLERIDGE.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up ! though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst ;
 Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up ! if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup ;
 And the best counsel in all our distresses
 Is the stout watchword of—" Never give up !"

ANON.

BEAUTY.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness ?

BYRON.

LOVER'S SEPARATION.

O, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

SHAKSPERE.

THE PAST.

I will throw off this dead and useless past,
 As a strong runner, straining for his life,
 Unclops a mantle to the hungry winds.

ALEXANDER SMITH.



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LA JEUNE MALADE.

From the English, by LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

The Chevalier de Chatelain has done us the honour to forward the following translation of the poem by the Editor, entitled "The Spring Time," in the last number.

Oh, mère ! emmenez-moi de cette chambre obscure,
De ce lit où sur moi pèse la couverture ;
Je suis lasse de tout—de ce bahut noirci,
Du tableau sur le mur, et de l'horloge aussi.

Oh, mère ! emmenez-moi là-bas, où l'on respire,
Où le soleil couchant effleure d'une sourire,
Où le gazon verdoie, où gazouille l'oiseau,
Où le printemps si doux caresse le rameau.

Oh, mère ! emmenez-moi de cette chambre affreuse,
Où tout ce que je vois me rend plus malheureuse,
Où vous avez déjà répandu tant de pleurs
Sur votre enfant mourant, gémissant ses douleurs.

Couchez-moi sur ce banc de jaunes primevères ;
C'est l'œuvre de mes mains—maintenant en jachères :
Qui m'eût dit que ce banc, cet été si joli,
Verrait au mois de mai mon destin accompli ?

Mère, que l'air est pur, et que les fleurs sont belles,
Que leur parfum est doux ! Comme tout autour d'elles,
Et l'abeille et l'oiseau, volètent pleins d'émoi !
Tout rit dans la nature ; oui, tout, excepté moi !

Au printemps l'an dernier, Dieu, que j'étais heureuse !
J'étais ivre de joie, et chantais radieuse ;
Je couronnais mon front des jolies suaves fleurs ;
Ah ! j'escomptais le temps !—Maintenant je me meurs !

Oh, mère ! apportez-moi, pour réjouir ma vue,
Mon cher géranium de si belle venue ;
Voyez les frais boutons ! quand ils seront éclos
Je serai dans la tombe, où seul dort le repos !

[Moi

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

By COLLINS. Although well known to every reader, this collection of the best English Poetry would be incomplete wanting it.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, ANGER rush'd, his eyes on fire:
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan DESPAIR—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song:

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And HOPE, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung ; but, with a frown,
 REVENGE impatient rose :
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected PITY at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien ;
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
 his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd—
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
 And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired ;
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades, and glooms, the mingled measure stole ;
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing),
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
 When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan Boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Jor's ecstatic trial ;
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),
 And he, amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

CYTHNA.

A fine passage in *SHELLEY's* *Revolt of Islam*,—one of the poems, written in the extravagance of his early youth, which subjected him to so much persecution in after years.

AN orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
 Were load-stars of delight, which drew me home
 When I might wander forth ; nor did I prize
 Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome
 Beyond this child : so when sad hours were come,
 And baffled hope like ice still clung to me,
 Since kin were cold, and friends had now become
 Heartless and false, I turn'd from all to be,
 Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.

What wert thou then ? A child most infantine,
 Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
 In all but its sweet looks and mien divine ;
 Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage

A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought,
Some tale, or thine own fancies, would engage
To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
With passion o'er their depths its fleeting light had wrought.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
To nourish some far desert; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream,
Which walks when tempest sleeps the wave of life's dark stream.

As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer and more fair;
Which clothed in undissolving radiancy
All those steep paths which languor and despair
Of human things had made so dark and bare,
But which I trod alone—nor, till bereft
Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,
Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was cleft.

Once she was dear, now she was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old—so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wander'd with mine where earth and ocean meet,
Beyond the ærial mountains whose vast cells
The unrepousing billows ever beat,
Through forests wide and old, and lawny dells,
Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald wells.

And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
When twined in mine: she follow'd where I went,
Through the lone paths of our immortal land.
It had no waste, but some memorial lent
Which strung me to my toil—some monument
Vital with mind: then Cythna by my side,
Until the bright and beaming day were spent,
Would rest, with looks entreating to abide,
Too earnest and too sweet ever to be denied.

And soon I could not have refused her—thus
For ever, day and night, we two were ne'er
Parted, but when brief sleep divided us :
And, when the pauses of the lulling air
Of noon beside the sea had made a lair
For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept,
And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
While, as the shifting visions over her swept,
Amid her innocent rest by turns she smiled and wept.

And, in the murmur of her dreams, was heard
Sometimes the name of Laon :—suddenly
She would arise, and, like the secret bird
Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky
With her sweet accents—a wild melody !
Hymns which my soul had woven to Freedom, strong
The source of passion, whence they rose to be
Triumphant strains, which, like a spirit's tongue,
To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung.

Her white arms lifted through the shadowy stream
Of her loose hair—oh, excellently great
Seem'd to me then my purpose, the vast theme
Of those impassion'd songs, when Cythna sate
Amid the calm which rapture doth create
After its tumult, her heart vibrating,
Her spirit o'er the ocean's floating state
From her deep eyes far wandering, on the wing
Of visions that were mine, beyond its utmost spring.

THE POET'S TALE.

A passage in ALEXANDER SMITH's *Life-Drama*.

Walter. 'MONG the green lanes of Kent—green sunny
lanes—

Where troops of children shout, and laugh, and play,
And gather daisies, stood an antique home,
Within its orchard, rich with ruddy fruits ;
For the full year was laughing in his prime.

Wealth of all flowers grew in that garden green,
 And the old porch with its great oaken door
 Was smother'd in rose-blooms, while o'er the walls
 The honey-suckle clung deliciously.

Before the door there lay a plot of grass,
 Snow'd o'er with daisies—flower by all beloved,
 And famous in song—and in the midst,
 A carved fountain stood, dried up and broken,
 On which a peacock perch'd and sunn'd itself;
 Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,
 Squatted upon the sward.

A row of poplars darkly rose behind,
 Around whose tops, and the old-fashion'd vanes,
 White pigeons flutter'd, and o'er all was bent
 The mighty sky, with sailing sunny clouds.
 One casement was thrown open, and within,
 A boy hung o'er a book of poesy,
 Silent as planet hanging o'er the sea.
 In at the casement open to the noon
 Came sweetest garden odours, and the hum—
 The drowsy hum—of the rejoicing bees,
 Heaven'd in blooms that overclad the walls;
 And the cool wind waved in upon his brow,
 And stirr'd his curls. Soft fell the summer night.

Then he arose, and with inspired lips said,—
 “Stars! ye are golden-voicèd clarions
 To high-aspiring and heroic dooms.
 To-night, as I look up unto ye, Stars!
 I feel my strength rise to its destiny,
 Like a strong eagle to its eyrie soaring.
 Who thinks of weakness underneath ye, Stars?
 A hum shall be on earth, a name be heard,
 An epitaph shall look up proud to God.
 Stars! read and listen, it may not be long.”

Violet (leaning over him.) I'll see that grand desire
 within your eyes.

Oh, I only see myself!

Walter. Violet!

Could you look through my heart as through mine eyes,
 You'd find yourself there, too.

Violet. Hush, flatterer!

Yet go on with your tale.

Walter. Three blue days pass'd,
 Full of the sun, loud with a thousand larks;

An evening like a grey child walk'd 'tween each.
 'Twas in the quiet of the fourth day's noon,
 The boy I speak of slumber'd in the wood.
 Like a dropt rose at an oak-root he lay,
 A lady bent above him. He awoke ;
 She blush'd like sunset, 'mid embarrass'd speech !
 A shock of laughter made them friends at once,
 And laughter flutter'd through their after-talk,
 As darts a bright bird in and out the leaves.
 All day he drank her splendid light of eyes ;
 Nor did they part until the deepening east
 'Gan to be sprinkled with the light of eve.

Violet. Go on ! go on !

Walter. June sang herself to death.

They parted in the wood, she very pale ;
 And he walk'd home the weariest thing on earth.
 That night he sat in his unlighted room,
 Pale, sad, and solitary, sick at heart,
 For he had parted with his dearest friends,
 High aspirations, bright-dreams golden-wing'd,
 Troops of fine fancies that like lambs did play
 Amid the sunshine and the virgin dew,
 Thick-lying in the green fields of his heart.
 Calm thoughts that dwelt like hermits in his soul,
 Fair shapes that slept in fancifullest bowers,
 Hopes and delight,—He parted with them all.
 Link'd hand in hand they went, tears in their eyes,
 As faint and beautiful as eyes of flowers,
 And now he sat alone with empty soul.
 Last night his soul was like a forest, haunted
 With pagan shapes ; when one nymph slumbering lay,
 A sweet dream 'neath her eyelids, her white limbs
 Sinking full softly in the violets dim ;
 When timbrell'd troops rush'd past with branches green.
 One in each fountain, rich'd with golden sands,
 With her delicious face a moment seen,
 And limbs faint-gleaming through their watery veil.
 To-night his soul was like that forest old,
 When these were reft away, and the wild wind
 Running like one distract 'mong their old haunts,
 Gold-sanded fountains, and the bladed flags.

[*A pause.*]

It is enough to shake one into tears.
 A palace full of music was his heart,

An earthquake rent it open to the rain ;
The lovely music died—the bright throngs fled—
Despair came like a foul and grisly beast,
And litter'd in its consecrated rooms.

Nature was leaping like a bacchanal
On the next morn ; beneath its sky-wide sheen,
The boy stood pallid in the rosy porch.
The mad larks bathing in the golden light,
The flowers close-fondled by the impassion'd winds,
The smells that came and went upon the sense,
Like faint waves on a shore, he heeded not ;
He could not look the morning in the eyes.
That singing morn he went forth like a ship ;
Long years have pass'd, and he has not return'd,
Beggard or laden, home.

HUMBLE HAPPINESS.

From an American newspaper.

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame ;
But truth divine sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day, arose
The hallow'd voice of spirit-breathing prayer ;
And artless anthems, at the peaceful close,
Like holy incense charm'd the evening air.

Though they, each tone of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claim'd their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day ;
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly pass'd
The heavy hand of all-destroying time,
Through whose low mould'ring aisles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb,

They gladly throng'd, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

Here from those honoured lips, which sacred fire
From heaven's high chancery hath touch'd, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear!

When Life flow'd by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beam'd from every eye.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears the simple rites are said;
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

By LONGFELLOW.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves
Close by the street of this fair seaport town;
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Are like the Tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broke by MOSES at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes ;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With ABRAHAM and JACOB of old times.

"Blessed be GOD ! for He created Death."
The mourners said : "and Death is rest and peace."
Then added, in the certainty of faith :
"And giveth Life, that never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of DAVID now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and the remembrance green.

How came they here ? What burst of Christian hate ;
What persecution, merciless, and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto or Judenstrass, in mirk and mire ;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleaven'd bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town, from street to street ;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mock'd, and jeer'd, and spurn'd by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walk'd with them through the world ; where'er they went,
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the back-ground, figures vague and vast
 Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
 And all the great traditions of the Past
 They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look,
 The mystic volume of the world they read,
 Spelling it backward like a Hebrew book,
 Till Life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
 The groaning earth in travail and in pain
 Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
 And the dead nations never rise again.

LOVED ONCE.

A remarkable composition by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I CLASS'D, appraising once,
 Earth's lamentable sounds; the welladay,
 The jarring yea and nay,
 The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
 The sobb'd farewell, the welcome mournfuller;—
 But all did leaven the air
 With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
 Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"
 Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,
 Love through eternity!
 Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
 Not God, called Love, his noble crown-name,—casting
 A light too broad for blasting!
 The Great God, changing not from everlasting,
 Saith never, "I loved once."

Nor ever the "Loved once"
 Dost thou say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend!
 The cross and curse may rend;
 But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!

It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move
 One sphered star above,
 Man deprecates the eternal God-word, Love,
 With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
 Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
 Mourners, without that snow?
 Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
 And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
 Whose prayers have met your own,
 Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
 Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"
 Say calm of *me*, sweet friends, when out of sight?
 When hearts of better right
 Stand in between me and your happy light?
 And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
 Ye find my colours fade,
 And all that is not love in me, decay'd?
 Such words—Ye loved me once!

Could ye "We loved her once"
 Say cold of me, when further put away
 In earth's sepulchral clay?
 When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—
 Not so! ~~Not~~ then—*least* then! when Life is shriven,
 And Death's full joy is given;—
 Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven
 Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once!
 God is too near above, the grave below,
 And all our moments go
 Too quickly past our souls, for saying so!
 The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
 Affections light of range—
 There comes no change to justify that change,
 Whatever comes—Loved once!

And yet that word of "once"
 Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,
 Shaking a discrown'd head,
 "We ruled once;"—idiot tongues, "We once bested;"—

Cripples once danced i' the vines ;—and bards approved
Were once by scornings, moved !
But Love strikes one hour—Love. Those *never* loved,
Who dream that they loved once.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

By ALARIO A. WATTS.

I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing !
Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

I see her yet—so fancy deems—her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming, like sunlight upon snow, above her forehead fair !
Her large dark eyes of changing light, the winning smile
that play'd
In dimpling sweetness round a mouth expression's self had
made !

And light alike of heart and step she bounded on her way,
Nor dream'd the flowers that round her bloom'd would ever
know decay !—
She had no winter in her note, but evermore would sing
(What darker season had she proved ?) of spring—of only
spring !

Alas, alas, that hopes like hers, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should
blight :—
Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant brow o'er-
cast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the past !

Years came and went—we met again—but what a change
was there !
The glassy calmness of the eye, that whisper'd of despair :—
The fitful flushing of the cheek—the lips compress'd and
thin,—
The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaim'd the strife
within !

Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth some pitying power
 had given
 Beauty, of more than mortal birth,—a spell that breathed
 of heaven :
 And as she bent, resign'd and meek, beneath the chastening
 blow,
 With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seem'd to glow !
 No wild reproach, no bitter word, in that sad hour was
 spoken,
 For hopes deceived, for love betray'd, and plighted pledges
 broken :—
 Like Him who for his murderers pray'd,—she wept, but did
 not chide,
 And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died !

Thus, thus too oft, the traitor man repays fond woman's
 truth ;
 Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth ;
 And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
 That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer
 most !

THE USES OF PHRENOLOGY.

This lively little poem appeared anonymously some years ago in one of the magazines.

AWAY with all doubt and misgiving,
 Now lovers must woo by the book—
 There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
 No man can be caught by a look.
 Bright eyes, or a love-breeding dimple,
 No longer their witchery fling ;
 That lover indeed must be simple
 Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances
 Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore ;
 To *skulls* let us limit our fancies,
 And love by the *bumps* we explore !

Oh, now we can tell in a minute
 What fate will be ours when we wed;
 The *heart* has no passion within it
 That is not *engraved* on the *head*.

The first time I studied the science—
 With Jane—and I cannot tell how—
 'Twas not till the eve of alliance
 I caught the first glimpse of her brow:
Causality finely expanding,
 The largest I happen'd to see;
 Such arguments far too commanding,
 Thought I, to be practised on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each *feature*
 As mild as an angel's appears;
 I ventured, the sweet little creature,
 To take a peep over her ears;
Destructiveness, terrible omen!
 Most vilely developed did lie.
 (Though, perhaps, it is common in women,
 And hearts may be all they destroy!)

The *organ of speech* was in Fanny:
 I shudder'd, 'twas terribly strong!
 Then fled, for I'd rather that *any*
 Than *that* to my wife should belong.
 I next turn'd my fancy to Mary—
 She swore she loved nothing but me;
 How the *look* and the *index* could vary!
 For nought but *self-love* did I see.

Locality, slyly betraying
 In Helen a passion to roam,
 Spoke such predilection for straying,
 Thought I, she'll be never at home!
 Oh, some were so *low* in the *forehead*,
 I never could settle my mind:
 While others had all that was horrid
 In terrible swellings *behind*!

At length, 'twas my lot to discover
 The finest of skulls, I believe,
 To please or to puzzle a lover,
 That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.

'Twould take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head ;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

The following poem has been attributed to many persons, and in most collections it is set down as American. We believe, however, that it is the production of a Scotch gentleman of very exquisite taste, which he has displayed in several publications, and whose name is M'DIARMID. He was the editor of an influential Scotch Liberal paper, the *Dumfries Courier*. The poem is well known, probably, to many of our readers.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven ; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child
In its first impression ! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Fill'd her young heart with gladness ; and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood, looking at the west, with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness—a star
Peep'd suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—
“ Father, dear father ! God has made a Star ! ”

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

By POPE. This lady's name was Withinbury. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected, as it is said, in favour of Pope, with whom she was in love, and would have married. Her guardian having discovered her correspondence with Pope, and finding her determined to abide by her own choice, sent her to a convent, where she put a period to her existence.

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well,
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From there perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
 " Lo ! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day !
 So perish all whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

What can atone (O ever injured shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier ;
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
 How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee :
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart :
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

This fine description is by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;

The war was waked anew.

Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,

Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
Th' advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude ;
Nor was one forward footstep stay'd,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square !

And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again ;
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down rent the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent ;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks

Forced their resistless way :
Then to the musket knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds :
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear
Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

SOLITUDE.

By HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

It is not that my lot is low
That bids the silent tear to flow ;
It is not this that makes me moan,—
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger, hies him home ;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed ;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh !

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too ;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

NOVEMBER.

These stanzas are by JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire peasant. Their merit will be acknowledged by every reader. The fate of Clare was a sad one. He was in truth an uneducated man, a shepherd engaged all his life in keeping sheep upon the hills. He taught himself to read and write, but very imperfectly. We have some of his poems, which he sent to us shortly before his death, exquisitely composed, but written in the most illiterate manner, every third word being misspelled. He became raving mad from an excited mind, which had not the means of gratifying its natural inclinations, and died a few years ago in a madhouse.

THE landscape sleeps in mist from morn till noon,
And, if the sun looks through, 'tis with a face
Beamless and pale, and round, as if the moon,
When done the journey of her mighty race,
Had found him sleeping, and supplied his place.

For days the shepherds in the fields may be,
Nor mark a patch of sky—blindfold they trace
The plains that seem without a bush or tree,
Whistling aloud, by guess, to flocks they cannot see.

The timid hare seems half its fears to lose,
Crouching and sleeping 'neath its grassy lair,
And scarcely startles, though the shepherd goes
Close by its home, and dogs are barking there ;
The wild colt only turns around to stare
At passer by, then knaps his hide again ;
And moody crows beside the road forbear
To fly, though pelted by the passing swain,
Thus, day seems turn'd to night, and tries to wake in vain.

The owlet leaves her hiding-place at noon,
And flaps her grey wings in the doubling light,
The hoarse jay screams to see her out so soon,
And small birds chirp and startle with affright ;
Much doth it scare the superstitious wight
Who dreams of sorry luck, and sore dismay ;
While cow-boys think the day a dream of night,
And oft grow fearful on the lonely way,
Fancying the ghosts may wake, and leave their graves by day.

Yet but awhile the slumbering weather flings
Its murky prison round—then winds wake loud,
With sudden start the startled forest sings
Winter's returning song—cloud races cloud,
And the horizon throws away its shroud,
Sweeping a stretching circle from the eye ;
Storms upon storms in quick succession crowd,
And o'er the sameness of the purple sky
Heaven paints, with hurried hand, wild hues of every dye.

At length it comes among the forest oaks,
With sobbing ebbs, and uproar gathering high ;
The scared, hoarse raven on its cradle croaks,
And stock-dove flocks in hurried terrors fly,
While the blue hawk hangs o'er them in the sky ;
'The hedger hastens from the storm begun,
To seek a shelter that may keep him dry ;
And foresters, low bent, the wind to shun,
Scarce hear amid the strife the poacher's muttering gun.

The ploughman hears its humming rage begin,
And hies for shelter from his naked toil;
Buttoning his doublet closer to his chin,
He bends and scampers o'er the elting soil,
While clouds above him in wild fury boil,
And winds drive heavily the beating rain;
He turns his back to catch his breath awhile,
Then ekes his speed and faces it again,
To seek the shepherd's hut beside the rushy plain.

The boy, that scareth from the spiry wheat
The melancholy crow—in hurry weaves,
Beneath an ivied tree, his sheltering seat,
Of rushy flags and sedges tied in sheaves,
Or from the field a shock of stubble thieves.
There he doth dithering sit and entertain
His eyes with marking the storm-driven leaves;
Oft spying nests where he spring eggs had ta'en,
And wishing in his heart 'twas summer-time again.

Thus wears the month along, in chequer'd moods,
Sunshine and shadows, tempests loud, and calms.
One hour dies silent o'er the sleepy woods,
The next wakes loud with unexpected storms;
A dreary nakedness the field deforms—
Yet many a rural sound, and rural sight,
Lives in the village still about the farms,
Where Toil's rude uproar hums from morn till night,
Noises, in which the ears of Industry delight.

At length the stir of rural labour's still,
And Industry her care awhile foregoes,
When winter comes in earnest to fulfil
His yearly task, at bleak November's close,
And stops the plough, and hides the field in snows,
When frost locks up the stream in chill delay,
And mellows on the hedge the jetty sloes,
For little birds—then Toil hath time for play,
And nought but threshers' flails awake the dreary day.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

"I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

AMIDST the thrilling leaves Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear.

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain flows,
Each whisper in the shade,
Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid!

A LOVE LETTER.

From a tale written by N. P. WILLIS, an American poet of much repute, we extract a fanciful and feeling composition.

I KNOW not if the sunshine waste—
The world is dark since thou art gone!
The hours are, oh, so tender-paced!
The birds sing, and the stars float on,
But sing not well, and look not fair—
A weight is in the summer air,

And sadness in the sight of flowers ;
And, if I go where others smile,
Their love but makes me think of ours,
And heavier gets my heart the while :
Like one upon a desert isle,
I languish of the weary hours ;
I never thought a life could be
So flung upon one hope, as mine, dear love, on thee !

I sit and watch the sunny sky—
There comes a cloud through heaven alone ;
A thousand stars are shining nigh—
It feels no light, but darkles on !
Yet now it nears the lovelier moon,
And, flushing through its fringe of snow,
There steals a rosier dye and soon
Its bosom is one fiery glow !—
The Queen of Night within it lies !
Yet, mark how lovers meet to part :
The cloud already onward flies,
And shadows sink into its heart,
And (dost thou see them where thou art ?)
Fade fast, fade all those glorious dyes !
Its light, like mine, is seen no more,
And, like my own, its heart seems darker than before !

Where press this hour those fairy feet ?
Where look this hour those eyes of blue ?
What music in thine ear is sweet ?
What odour breathes thy lattice through ?
What word is on thy lip ? What tone—
What look—replying to thine own ?—
Thy steps along the Danube stray—
Alas ! it seeks an Orient sea :
Thou wouldst not seem so far away,
Flow'd but its waters back to me !
I bless the slowly-coming moon,
Because its eye look'd late in thine ;
I envy the west wind in June
Whose wings will bear it up the Rhine ;
The flower I press upon my brow
Were sweeter if its like perfumed my chamber now.

Brilliant.

MORNING.

Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

TENNYSON.

THE AIR.

Air is like Happiness or Poetry.
We see it in the glorious roof of day,
We feel it lift the down upon the cheek,
We hear it when it sways the heavy woods,
We close our hand on 't—and we have it not.

A. SMITH.

MAN HIS OWN FATE.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest, and a perfect man,
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SYMPATHY.

When thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel;
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bedesman.

SHAKSPERE.

STARLIGHT.

Listen too,
How every pause is filled with under-notes,
Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones,
Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

SHELLEY.

A CHARACTER.

He is gracious, if he be observed ;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity :
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he 's flint ;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

SHAKSPERE.

THE KEEPSAKE.

And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress ; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

TENNYSON.

BEAUTY BEYOND EXPRESSION.

If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
And minds, and muses on admired themes ;
If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit ;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the best,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

MARLOWE.

A CALM.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
Swayed in the air :—so bright that noon did breed
No shadow in the sky beside mine own—
Mine, and the shadow of my chain alone.
Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame
Rested like night, all else was clearly shown
In the broad glare, yet sound to me none came,
But of the living blood that ran within my frame.

SHELLEY.

NATURE.

Nature cares not
 Although her loveliness should ne'er be seen
 By human eyes, nor praised by human tongues.
 The cataract exults among the hills,
 And wears its crown of rainbows all alone.
 Libel the ocean on his tawny sands,
 Write verses in his praise—the unmoved sea
 Erases both alike.

A. SMITH.

THE POET.

On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept ;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality !
 One of these awaken'd me,
 And I sped to succour thee.

SHELLEY.

HONOURS UNJUSTLY DISTRIBUTED.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not derived corruptly ! and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ?
 How many be commanded, that command ?
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd ?

SHAKSPERE.



Moi j'aimais tant les fleurs ! mère, je t'en convie,
 Mets-en dans mon linceul—avec la mort la vie ;
 Et puis sur mon tombeau qu'on plante mon lilas,
 Et mes bleus favoris, mes “ Ne m'oubliez pas.”

Et quand il fera beau—n'est-ce pas, bonne mère ?—
 Vous viendrez visiter ma tombe solitaire,
 Et puis du haut du ciel votre enfant vous verra,
 Et, si vous lui parlez, il vous écoutera.

Et mon noyer planté par moi, j'ai souvenance,
 A l'âge de trois ans, pour mon jour de naissance—
 Mère, soignez-le bien ; je devais, disait-on,
 Sous son vaste contour voir plus d'un rejeton !

Je ne me plaindrais pas de mourir à l'automne,
 Quand la feuille flétrie à l'autan s'abandonne ;
 Mais mourir au printemps, où tout renaît si beau—
 “ Fais qu'à l'automne, ô Dieu ! je descende au tombeau !”

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OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

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THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind,
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known—
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

A CHILD'S INQUIRY.

Extracted from an American newspaper, where it appeared anonymously.

“How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliath, tall,
His spear a hundred-weight?”

"Was he so large, that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high,
And, while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?"

"O no, my child, about as large
As I, or uncle Jame';
'Twas not his *stature* made him great,
But greatness of his *name*."

"His *name* so great? I know 'tis long,
But easy quite to spell;
And more than half-a-year ago
I knew it very well."

"I mean, my child, his *actions* were
So great he got a name,
That every body speaks with praise,
And tells about his fame."

"Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know them all."
"Why, he it was that conquer'd Tyre,
And levell'd down her wall;

"And thousands of her people slew;
And then to Persia went:
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.

"A hundred conquer'd cities shone
With midnight burnings red—
And, strew'd o'er many a battle-field,
A thousand soldiers bled."

"Did *killing* people make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who kill'd his neighbour, Training-day,
Put into jail and hung?"

"I never heard them call him great."
"Why, no; 'twas not in war;
And he that kills a single man
His neighbours all abhor."

" Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more ;
I should be great, and not be hung,
Like Abdel Young before."

" Not so, my child, 'twill never do ;
The Gospel bids be kind."
" Then they that kill, and they that praise,
The Gospel do not mind."

" You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people as you wish
To have them do to you."

" But, Pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man should come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done ?

" And every body calls him great,
For killing people so !—
Well, now, what right had he to kill ?
I should be glad to know.

" If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would anybody call him great,
For such a wicked thing ? "

TO THE MOON.

Numberless are the odes and addresses penned by poets to the moon. She has inspired as much rhyme as madness. Every love-sick youth who makes an attempt at versification is sure to address the moon in some shape or other. Nor have our really great poets disdained to try their skill upon the theme, however hackneyed and vulgar. We should have been half inclined to assert that it was impossible to find anything new to say to or about the moon, had we not lighted upon the following stanzas, published in the *Scoteman* newspaper, from which our readers will learn that an original mind can give to the stalest

subject the aspect of novelty. Of all the addresses to the moon that we have seen this is incomparably the best, and well merits a place in any selection of beauties of British poetry.

To thee an orison of love,
In silence, let my spirit breathe!
I see ten thousand worlds above;
I tread one little world beneath—
One little world upholding me
Within the blue immensity!

Fair moon! I wonder what thou art!
Yet haply 'twere a grief to know;
For, wert thou different to my heart,
I might not idolise thee so:—
Far purer joys than knowledge brings
Are mine, in my imaginings.

At other altars I have knelt,
And courted lovely woman's glance;
But all of love I e'er have felt
Lives but in memory's romance;—
A change has pass'd o'er me and mine—
How alter'd every face but thine!

For myriad ages thou hast been
A wanderer through the fields of space;
And yet on every varied scene
Thou look'st with still a youthful face!
All beauteous scenes thou movest among,
For ever fair, for ever young.

How oft upon the hills afar,
Where the Chaldean shepherd stood,
In worship of each little star
That lit the azure solitude,
Hast thou, sweet moon! the livelong night,
Reposed thy calm religious light!

And o'er the Alpine mountain tops
Have thy pale beams like spirits walk'd;
Yet pausing on the gentler slopes,
As in a trance of wonder lock'd
At the huge pinnacles on high,
Upraised in silent majesty!

Thence 'mid the ruins of old Rome,
Once honour'd by a mighty race,
But now the parent and the home
Of men degenerate and base—
Thou wander'st with an earnest gaze,
As in a dream of other days.

And oh ! how many a mourner's sighs,
How many a pensive poet's dreams,
How many a lover's rhapsodies,
Have been indulged beneath thy beams !
Thou makest thy light religion all,
And earth one wide confessional !

E'en now, thy soft and soothing ray
Through many a lonely lattice steals ;
Where lovelorn maiden pines away—
Where he, the cause of all she feels,
Has ceased to feel a pang for her—
Moon ! shine not on the wanderer !

And where the bitter fountain flows
From eyes that seek the veil of night,
How like an angel's visit shows
The gush of thy celestial light !
And while the mourner sighs to thee,
Thy looks how full of sympathy !

A gentle goddess ! not a sound
Within thy calm dominion breaks ;
And yet, though all is hush'd around,
Methinks the very silence speaks,
And breathes to thee, fond listening one !
A deep but voiceless orison !

But fare thee well ! and while again
I shape my thoughts to daily themes,
And join the rivalry of men
For phantoms idle as their dreams ;
Still let remembrance turn to thee,
Subduing all to poesy !

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

SEND down thy winged Angel, God !
 Amidst this night so wild,
 And bid him come, where now we watch,
 And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
 And moans within her sleep,
 Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
 And striveth *not* to weep !

How gentle and how good a child
 She is, we know too well,
 And dearer to her parents' hearts
 Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
 To aid, when need may be ;
 We hope—and have despair'd at times,
 But *now* we turn to Thee.

Send down thy sweet-soul'd Angel, God !
 Amidst the darkness wild,
 And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
 And heal our gentle child !

 BECAUSE !

“Why?—Because.”—LINDLEY MURRAY.

Let us now court the Comic Muse. Here is a lively lyric, gathered from the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Although published anonymously, we have no difficulty in recognising in the writer the celebrated author of the *Rejected Addresses*.

SWEET Nea ! for your lovely sake
 I weave these rambling numbers,
 Because I've lain an hour awake,
 And can't compose my slumbers ;

Because your beauty's gentle light
Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night
Some witchery o'er my dreaming!

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
And danced some merry dances;
Because you love old Beaumont's plays
And old Froissart's romances;
Because whene'er I hear your words,
Some pleasant feeling fingers—
Because I think your heart has chords
That vibrate to my fingers.

Because you've got those long soft curls
I've sworn should deck my goddess;
Because you're not, like other girls,
All bustle, blush, and boddice;
Because your eyes are deep and blue,
Your fingers long and rosy;
Because a little child and you
Would make one's home so cosy.

Because your little tiny nose
Turns up so pert and funny;
Because I know you choose your beaux
More for their mirth than money;—
Because I think you'd rather twirl
A waltz, with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense with an Earl,
And a coronet beside you!

Because you don't object to walk,
And are not given to fainting;
Because you have not learn'd to talk
Of flowers and Poonah painting;
Because I think you'd scarce refuse
To sew one on a button;
Because I know you'd sometimes choose
To dine on simple mutton!

Because, I think, I'm just as weak
As, some of these fine morrows,
To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story—and my sorrows;

Because the rest 's a simple thing,
A matter quickly over,
A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
A chaise and four to Dover!

THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

THE Old Year lay on his death-bed lone,
And ere he died he spoke to me,
Low and solemn in under tone,
Mournfully, reproachfully.
The fading eyes in his snow-white head
Shone bright the while their lids beneath.
These were the words the Old Year said—
I shall never forget them while I breathe:—

“Did you not promise when I was born”
(Sadly he spoke, and not in ire)
“To treat me kindly—not to scorn—
And to pay the debts you owed my sire?
Did you not vow, with an earnest heart,
Your unconsider'd hours to hive?
And to throw no day in waste away
Of my three hundred sixty-five?”

“Did you not swear to your secret self,
Before my beard was a second old,
That, whatever you'd done to my fathers gone,
You'd prize my minutes more than gold?
Did you not own, with a keen regret,
That the past was a time of waste and sin?
But that with me, untainted yet,
Wisdom and duty should begin?”

“Did you not oft the vow renew
That never with me should folly dwell?
That, however Fate might deal with you,
You'd prize me much, and use me well?”

That never a deed of scorn or wrath,
Or thought unjust of your fellow-men,
Should, while I lived, obscure your path,
Or enter in your heart again?

"Did you not fail?—but my tongue is weak
Your sad short-comings to recall."
And the Old Year sob'd—he could not speak—
He turn'd his thin face to the wall.
"Old Year! Old Year! I've done you wrong—
Hear my repentance ere you die!
Linger awhile!" Ding-dong, ding-dong—
The joy-bells drown'd his parting sigh.

"Old Year! Old Year!" He could not hear,
He yielded placidly his breath.
I loved him little while he was here,
I prized him dearly after death.
New Year! now smiling at my side,
Most bitterly the past I rue.
I've learn'd a lesson since he died;
I'll lead a better life with you.

GERALDINE.

This picturesque and quaint lyric is by COVENTRY PATMORE.

GERALDINE, the sun is out!
Let us leave this busy rout;
Men and women, girls and boys,
All the city's stir and noise.
Come! and, while we rove along,
I will chant thee such a song!
Song so full of praise, I wist,
'Tis not girlhood's to resist.—
Why do sceptic flittings fine
Wreath thy red lips, Geraldine?

We are in the fields. Delight!
Look around! The bird's-eyes bright;
Pink-tipp'd daisies; sorrel red,
Drooping o'er the lark's green bed;

Remember the rest 's a simple thing,
 Remember quickly went
 As death—a cry—~~a sigh~~—a ring—
 As home and far to Dover!

THE OLD YEARS REMINISCENCE.

By CHARLES HAYMAN.

That Old Year lay on his death-bed here,
 Shall he die that he spoke to me,
 Low and solemn in under tone,
 Mournfully, reproachfully.
 The things were in his snow-white head
 These things he told their tale beneath.
 These were the words the Old Year said—
 I shall never forget them while I breathe:—

"Did you not promise when I was born"
 (Gladly he spoke, and not in ire)

"To trust me kindly—not to scorn—
 And to pay the debts you owed my sire?
 Did you not vow, with an earnest heart,
 Your unnumber'd hours to live?
 And to throw no day in waste away
 Of my three hundred sixty-five?"

"Did you not swear to your secret self,
 Before my birth was a pound of gold,
 That, whatever you'd live to my fathers gone,
 You'd prize my mind's words more than gold?
 Did you not own, when you regret,
 That you had wasted your waste and sin?
 Did you not own, when you regret,
 That you had wasted your waste and sin?"

That never a deed of scorn or wrath,
Or thought unjust of your fellow-men,
Should, while I lived, obscure your path,
Or enter in your heart again?

"Did you not fail?—but my tongue is weak
Your sad short-comings to recall."
And the Old Year sob'd—he could not speak—
He turn'd his thin face to the wall.
"Old Year! Old Year! I've done you wrong—
Hear my repentance ere you die!
Linger awhile!" Ding-dong, ding-dong—
The joy-bells drown'd his parting sigh.

"Old Year! Old Year!" He could not hear,
He yielded placidly his breath.
I loved him little while he was here,
I prized him dearly after death.
New Year! now smiling at my side,
Most bitterly the past I rue.
I've learn'd a lesson since he died;
I'll lead a better life with you.

GERALDINE.

This picturesque and quaint lyric is by COVENTRY PATMORE.

GERALDINE, the sun is out!
Let us leave this busy rout;
Men and women, girls and boys,
All the city's stir and noise.
Come! and, while we rove along,
I will chant thee such a song!
Song so full of praise, I wist,
'Tis not girlhood's to resist.—
Why do sceptic fittings fine
Breathe thy red lips, Geraldine?

in the fields. Delight!
ound! The bird's-eyes bright;
'd daisies; sorrel red,
o'er the lark's green bed;

"Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."

A PHANTASY.

By BARRY CORNWALL. It was contributed to the *Keepsake* for 1855.

NEARER, gentle Star,
Who doth in the distance shine!
Nearer to the brimming wine! -
Beauty ne'er should shine afar.
Nearer to my heart, O maiden,
Beauty-crown'd and sorrow-laden!
What are all these summer sighs?
Bid me look into thine eyes!
Near—more near—
(When was Dian's forehead clear?)
Ha! what see I there,
Hiding in those azure skies?
Beneath the shadow of thy hair?
Love? Joy? Despair?
Love! Alas! it still is breathing;
Past is Joy's once sunny day:
The deceiver Hope is wreathing
For another, far away,
Flowers false, that soon decay.
Look again! What see you now,
Darkening with its coil a brow
That still is young, and once was fair
(So man whisper'd), passing fair?
What is't? Woe, sullen woe,
Such as broken hearts must know,—
Clinging, as the serpent clings
Round the mute harp's silver strings,
Till all the chords are broken;
For a sign and for a token
That all its tender words are spoken.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

By LOVELACE, in 1650.

OH! thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear,
Dropp'd thee from heaven, where now thou'rt rear'd.

The joys of Earth and Air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly,
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING-RING.

By GERALD MASSEY.

WITH a white hand like a lady,
And a heart as merry as Spring,
I am ripe and I am ready
For a golden wedding-ring.

This old world is scarce worth seeing,
Till Love wave his purple wing,
And we gauge the bliss of being
Through a golden wedding-ring.

Would you draw far Eden nearer,
And to earth the angels bring,
You must seek the magic mirror
Of a golden wedding-ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,
And the winter-world with spring,
So a maiden's life is rounded
With a golden wedding-ring.

I have known full many a maiden,
Like a white rose withering,
Into fresh ripe beauty redden
Through a golden wedding-ring.

As the crescent moon rings golden,
 Her full glory perfecting,
 Womanly beauty is unfolden
 In a golden wedding-ring.

Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,
 Sighing hearts will soar and sing,
 Tearful eyes will laugh out tearless,
 Through a golden wedding-ring.

There's no jewel so worth wearing,
 That a lover's hands may bring—
 There's no treasure worth comparing
 With a golden wedding-ring.

Ah! when hearts are wildly beating,
 And when arms all glowing cling,
 Think, Love's circle wants completing
 With a golden wedding-ring.

LINES.

From the Swedish of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE night is calm, the sky is clear ;
 The birds are silent, and the flowers,
 Fresh with the heavy summer dew,
 Dream out the solitary hours.
 Then, still be every whisper, lest
 The sleep of any living thing
 Be broken, for in every breast
 Some little world is habiting.

The lark dreams of the coming light,
 And sings and soars in the pure air :
 The flowers interpret their delight,
 With their sweet odours everywhere.
 Oh! endless worlds, both great and small!
 Oh! mighty depths of heaven and space,
 Into my heart I take ye all,
 And give to all a resting-place!

Thy eyes are fill'd with tears, although
 A double sense of peace and rest
 Makes all my senses to o'erflow
 With love for all things that exist,—
 But now the stars wax pale; and soft
 The daylight comes. Yet dream and sleep!
 The sky is blue, and clear aloft—
 And my heart's peace is calm and deep.

ADAM AND EVE AFTER THE FALL.

From the *Drama of Exile*, by Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Eve. Is it thy voice?
 Or some saluting angel's—calling home
 My feet into the garden?

Adam. O my God!
 I, standing here between the glory and dark,—
 The glory of thy wrath projected forth
 From Eden's wall; the dark of our distress,
 Which settles a step off in that drear world—
 Lift up to Thee the hands from whence hath fallen
 Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee
 That rather Thou hast cast me out with *her*,
 Than left me lorn of her in paradise;—
 With angel looks and angel songs around,
 To show the absence of her eyes and voice,
 And make society full desertness,
 Without the uses of her comforting.

Eve. Or is it but a dream of thee, that speaks
 Mine own love's tongue?

Adam. Because with *her*, I stand
 Upright, as far as can be in this fall,
 And look away from heaven, which doth accuse me,
 And look up from the earth which doth convict me,
 Into her face; and crown my discrown'd brow
 Out of her love; and put the thought of her
 Around me, for an Eden full of birds;
 And lift her body up—thus—to my heart;
 And with my lips upon her lips,—thus, thus,—
 Do quicken and sublimiate my mortal breath,

Which cannot climb against the grave's steep sides,
But overtops this grief!

Eve. I am renew'd:
My eyes grow with the light which is in thine;
The silence of my heart is full of sound.
Hold me up—so! Because I comprehend
This human love, I shall not be afraid
Of any human death; and yet because
I know this strength of love, I seem to know
Death's strength, by that same sign. Kiss on my lips,
To shut the door close on my rising soul,—
Lest it pass outwards in astonishment,
And leave thee lonely.

Adam. Yet thou liest, Eve,
Bent heavily on thyself across mine arm,
Thy face flat to the sky.

Eve. Ay! and the tears
Running, as it might seem, my life from me;
They run so fast and warm. Let me lie so,
And weep so,—as if in a dream or prayer,—
Unfastening, clasp by clasp, the hard, tight thought
Which clip'd my heart, and show'd me evermore
Loathed of thy justice as I loathe the snake,
And as the pure ones loathe our sin. To-day,
All day, beloved, as we fled across
This desolating radiance, cast by swords
Not suns,—my lips pray'd soundless to myself,
Rocking against each other—O Lord God!
(Twas so I pray'd) I ask Thee by my sin,
And by thy curse, and by thy blameless heavens,
Make dreadful haste to hide me from thy face,
And from the face of my beloved here,
For whom I am no helpmate, quick away
Into the new dark mystery of death!
I will lie still there; I will make no plaint;
I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,—
Nor struggle to come back beneath the sun,
Where peradventure I might sin anew
Against thy mercy and his pleasure. Death,
Oh death, whate'er it be, is good enough
For such as I.—For Adam—there's no voice,
Shall ever say again, in heaven or earth,
It is not good for him to be alone.

Adam. And was it good for such a prayer to pass,
My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives?
If I am exiled, must I be bereaved?

Eve. 'Twas an ill prayer: it shall be pray'd no more;
And God did use it for a foolishness,
Giving no answer. Now my heart has grown
Too high and strong for such a foolish prayer:
Love makes it strong: and since I was the first
In the transgression, with a steady foot
I will be first to tread from this sword-glare
Into the outer darkness of the waste,—
And thus I do it.

Adam. Thus I follow thee,
As erewhile in the sin.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

By W. C. BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sear.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day:

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,

And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
 And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty
 stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
 plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
 glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
 will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
 trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
 late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
 more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
 In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
 leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
 ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

A fine passage in BARRY CORNWALL'S poem, entitled *Gyges*.

It is a chilling thing to see, as I
 Have seen, a man go down into the grave
 Without a tear, or even an alter'd eye:
 Oh! sadder far than when fond women rave,
 Or children weep, or aged parents sigh,
 O'er one whom art and love doth strive to save
 In vain: man's heart is soothed by every tone
 Of pity, saying, "he's not quite alone."

I saw a pauper once, when I was young,
Borne to his shallow grave : the bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung ;
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod :
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung ;
Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
Was coldly said ;—then all, passing away,
Left the scarce coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

It was an autumn evening, and the rain
Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek,
And call'd the deluging tempest back again ;
The flag-staff on the churchyard tower did creak,
And through the black clouds ran a lightning vein.
And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home : its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering.

SATURN.

One of the most magnificent pictures to be found in the whole range of poetry, from the *Hyperion* of KEATS.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair ;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade : the Naiad mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Although written expressly for children, this poem will be read with pleasure by older folk, alike for its poetry and its moral. It is by MARY HOWITT.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly,

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy ;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things to show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly :

"There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in !"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed !"

Said the cunning spider to the fly—"Dear friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you ?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice ;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice ?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you please to say,

And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turn'd him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver
drew;

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer
drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and her green and purple
hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At
last,

Up jump'd the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He drag'd her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

By W. C. BRYANT.

Come take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door ;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore ;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore :
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island lays thou lovest to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt reach ;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech :
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahete's beach,
Thou camest to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet ;
Ah ; well for me they won thy gaze,—
But thine were fairer yet !
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well :
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the low sunlight calls,
 We lose the pleasant hours ;
 'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,
 That seat among the flowers.
 And I will learn of thee a prayer,
 To Him who gave a home so fair,
 A lot so blest as ours—
 The God who made, for thee and me,
 This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

FAME.

A passage from the *Metrical Legends* of JOANNA BAILLIE.

O! who shall lightly say, that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name!
 Whilst in that sound there is a charm
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young from slothful couch will start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part?
 O! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name!
 When, but for those, our mighty dead,
 All ages past a blank would be,
 Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,
 A desert bare, a shipless sea?
 They are the distant objects seen,—
 The lofty marks of what hath been.
 O! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name!
 When memory of the mighty dead
 To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality?

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

By ALARIC A. WATTS.

THRICE happy babe! what radiant dreams are thine,
 As thus thou bid'st thine air-born bubbles soar ;—
 Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign
 To be, like thee, a careless child once more ?

To share thy simple sports and sinless glee :
 Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeign'd delight,
 As, one by one, those sun-touch'd glories flee,
 In swift succession, from thy straining sight ;—

To feel a power within himself to make,
 Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes ;
 To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake
 To brighter visions, from his charm'd repose ;—

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,
 The hard-earn'd fruits of many a toil and care,—
 Might he but thus the faded past restore,
 Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share ?

Yet life hath bubbles too, that soothe awhile
 The sterner dreams of man's maturer years ;
 Love, Friendship, Fortune, Fame by turns beguile,
 But melt 'neath Truth's Ithuriel touch to tears.

Thrice happy child! a brighter lot is thine ;
 What new illusion e'er can match the first ?
 We mourn to see each cherish'd hope decline ;
 Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst.

 THE COVENANTERS.

A passage from the poem so named by JAMES GRAHAME.

WITH them each day was holy ; but that morn
 On which the angel said "*See where the Lord*
Was laid," joyous arose ; to die that day
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn by devious ways,

O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes they sought
The upland moors where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws:
There, leaning on his spear (one of the array
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host),
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairn the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy follow'd; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compel'd the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice; he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: over their souls
His accents soothing came—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms.

Brilliant.

LOVE.

Her lips were parted, and the measured breath
 Was now heard there ;—her dark and intricate eyes
 Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,
 Absorb'd the glories of the burning skies,
 Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,
 Burst from her looks and gestures ;—and a light
 Of liquid tenderness, like love, did rise
 From her whole frame,—an atmosphere which quite
 Array'd her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright.

SHELLEY.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not ;
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

SHAKSPERE.

THE WAVES.

If ye are fair,
 Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
 The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,
 The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
 Each shouldering for her smile.

A. SMITH.

EPITAPH.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason and with sober sense ;
 No conquest she but o'er herself desired,
 No arts essay'd but not to be admired.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinced that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so composed a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refined,
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman died.

POPE.

ADVERSITY.

When a great mind falls,
 The noble nature of man's gen'rous heart
 Doth bear him up against the shame of ruin,
 With gentle censure, using but his faults
 As modest means to introduce his praise;
 For pity, like a dewy twilight, comes
 To close th' oppressive splendour of his day,
 And they who but admired him in his height
 His alter'd state lament, and love him fall'n.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

AGE.

There age, essaying to recall the past,
 After long striving for the hues of youth,
 At the sad labour of the toilet, and
 Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
 Prankt forth in all the pride of ornament,
 Forgets itself, and trusting to the falsehood
 Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
 Believed itself forgotten, and was fool'd.

BYRON.

ABSENCE.

Though absent, present in desires they be;
 Our souls much further than our eyes can see.

DRAYTON.

SUMMER WIND.

It fills
 With a serener light and crimson air
 Intense, yet soft, the rocks and woods around;
 It feeds the quick growth of the serpent vine,
 And the dark linked ivy tangling wild,
 And budding, blown, or odour-faded blooms
 Which star the winds with points of colour'd light,
 As they rain through them, and bright golden globes
 Of fruit, suspended in their own green heaven,
 And through their veined leaves and amber stems
 The flowers whose purple and translucent bowls
 Stand ever mantling with ærial dew,
 The drink of spirits; and it circles round,
 Like the soft waving wings of noontday dreams,
 Inspiring calm and happy thoughts like mine,
 Now thou art thus restored.

SHELLEY.

GRIEF.

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities ; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.

SHAKSPERE.

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

She is of the best blood, yet betters it
With all the graces of an excellent spirit :
Mild as the infant rose, and innocent
As when heaven lent her us. Her mind, as well
As face, is yet a paradise untainted
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.

BARON.

COURAGE.

If thy rich heart is like a palace shatter'd,
Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart,
And with a calm brow front the solemn stars.

A. SMITH.

DAWN.

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn -
Beyond the purple mountains : through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it ; now it wanes : it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air :
'Tis lost ! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sun-light quivers : hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn ?

SHELLEY.

ANGER.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage.

POPE.

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